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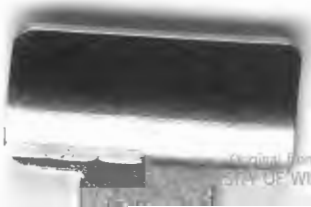

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IMAGINATION

MIND'S DOMINANT POWER

BY

BENJAMIN CHRISTOPHER LEEMING

NEW YORK

THE M. H. SCHROEDER COMPANY

1926

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FOREWORD

Mr. Leeming's common sense statement of the principles of behavior,—for that is what his book "Imagination—Mind's Dominant Power" really is, offers, it seems to me, a much needed answer to the question "How will I set to work to direct myself?" Every man who reads it must see himself under constant scrutiny. He must recognize and understand the basis for other people's behavior toward himself, as well as his behavior towards others. The reader will get, perhaps for the first time, a sound conception of the mind-quality "Imagination"—that wonderful faculty by the help of which any man may take the materials at hand—his own experience, his disposition, health, education and initiative, and project a new program, or objective, for himself which will bring satisfaction and a more useful life.

Aside from my belief that this book will make easier the work of all those whose responsibility it is to help men to help themselves, I have another and even more personal interest in it. For many years the author has been working side by side with me and I have seen him

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distilling out of actual experience the philosophy he has presented here.

And so I commend the work of this cheerful philosopher and friend, not only to all those who need help in straight-thinking about themselves, but also to those who would lend a helping hand to others.

JOHN G. JONES

Vice-President
Alexander Hamilton Institute
New York

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PREFACE

This work is not an essay; neither is it a treatise; but an informal discussion upon ideation or ideaurgy, written to be read with due mental challenge by the greatest possible number of people.

Due acknowledgments to the many publishers and authors, from whose works I have drawn for support and illustration, will be found in the body of the text and in footnote.

Special thanks are due to Dwight E. Beebe, for his critical and helpful reading of the manuscript.

Criticism from readers will be welcomed; for I am looking for help and guidance toward the completion of another book on a similar subject.

B. C. L.

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THE PURPOSE

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I have been infinitely curious about people, and their whys and wherefores. I have been at some pains to study and to analyze their careers. For years I have been at it, and I believe I have discovered the one great, moving, compelling force which makes every man what he becomes in the end.

This, I believe, is the greatest force in the universe. I believe all other causes are secondary to it. It is so powerful that the slighest human effort cannot be put forth until it has done its work; and if it should suddenly be annihilated from the world, all activity would come to a standstill, and humanity would become a mass of automatons moving about sluggishly in meaningless circles.

This force is not love; it is not religion; it is not virtue; it is not ambition—for none of these could exist an hour without it. . . . It is *imagination.*

—Clarence Budington Kelland.*

* American Magazine
September 1925

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CHAPTER I

THE PURPOSE

—1—

"How is it," asked the Man in the Street, "that a man who knows that it pays to be good, cannot feel good in paying?"

"What's that?" asked the Man in the Chair.

"How is it, that a man who thinks it is good to pay, can never believe that it pays to be good?"

"What kind of an answer do you expect? In other words, must the answer be ethical, psychological, sociological, or what? Would you be satisfied with illustrations drawn from a study of the Abnormal; or say, had we not better throw the whole mess into the well of the Unconscious?"

"No, no—I'm most serious; and there are other questions I'd like to ask. For instance: I want your reaction to such a paradox as the co-existence in one human mind of a practical knowledge and ability to carve out a fortune, and a sincere belief in the literalness of the first chapter of Genesis; and what makes a socialist claim Christ as the first of his clan, or a business man declare that He was like unto him; and I would like to

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know just what you think about an eminent scientist believing in ghosts and spirit writing; and tell me if it is right to place a new product on the market at a price people can be made to pay, instead of selling it at a price based upon the cost of production; and tell me why seventy per cent of the plays that were produced on Broadway last year, failed?"

"Rather overdone, what? However, I would like to remark that there is an answer to each question; but one answered, it would not mean that all others were answered. And even if I could answer everyone, you would not be any better equipped mentally, to cope with questions similar. You know when you were taught to drive a car—how, that was all there was to it, until one day, something went wrong, and the car stopped. You called a mechanic, and he taught you all about the recalcitrant part, and you went on your way until another untoward circumstance arose—then you learned all about another part; and so on. Now, if you live long enough you might learn all about the parts of an automobile. Those questions, according to your way of thinking, are just parts of human behavior."

"But, suppose I were to buy a book on the automobile and sit down to study it?"

"Fine."

"Then where can I get a book on behavior?"

"I don't know. There are textbooks on *mis*behavior,

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and on how to make others behave, but as for one that explains in a rational way the strange behavior of men like yourself, why—I don't know—you're quite sure that you don't want to buy a library?"

"Positively!"

"It has all got to be in one book, eh? And I suppose you don't want behavior illustrated, and conclusions drawn, from the moods and actions of the weak-minded or the abnormal?"

"I do not."

"And I suppose you desire to see the whole of man answering, not just the historical, the anthropological, the psychological, the ethical side or phase, all in one book, what?"

"That is what I want."

—2—

A casual survey of current newspapers and books will reveal a spirit of inquiry and inadequacy similar to that present in the conversation above, among men of greater substance and eminence than our inquiring friend. Perhaps, a paragraph from an address delivered by Raymond B. Fosdick, before the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia, would serve to illustrate the sense of lack in the minds of such more important men. "We have made remarkable ad-

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vances in physics, in chemistry and in biology," he said; "but the development in our knowledge of man has been almost negligible." Then recent newspapers have reported Thomas A. Edison as remarking: "Material science in the way of invention has perhaps gone far enough; and it is necessary for the human intelligence to catch up." Of course the prophetic pen of H. G. Wells has not failed in this connection, for a matter of years ago, he wrote: "When the intellectual history of this time comes to be written, nothing, I think, will stand out more striking than the empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations that are going on, and the general thought of other educated sections of the community." More interesting, however, is the spirit of inquiry evident among business men, which seems to hint at a general dissatisfaction with the present day psychological presentation, and a hankering for an understanding,—preferably fortified by scientific sanction,—that will meet the approval of common sense and not deny experience. In a splendid little book entitled, *The Way Out* written by E. A. Filene, the merchant of Boston, I find pregnant questions like the following:

"Why do the virtues of a small business so often become the vices of a large business?

"Why do so many business men slow down and be-

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come timid routineers in the second half of their careers just at the time when they should be at the height of their usefulness?

"Why does the liberal business man sooner or later encounter the opposition of his business associates? How much of this opposition is due to sinister motives on the part of the conservatives and how much to the faulty technique of the liberal?

"Just how efficient is the reputed efficiency of the American business man? For instance, is a business man to be considered successful simply because he has made several millions of dollars, if he maintains in his store two persons for every one who sells and keeps the one who sells not more than half the time?"

Before all this, it would appear that Psychology and Behaviorism, as mental sciences, have so far failed to justify their high promise.

What is the matter with Psychology and Behaviorism?

Before attempting an answer, I feel disposed to cover, briefly, the various present-day conceptions of the term: *mind*. There are doubtless many people today, who speak of *mind* as having to do with conscious thought, only; just as all teachers and philosophers would have done, not so very long ago. Perceptions, conceptions, attention, memory, judgment, reason, and reflection, were some of the terms by which this process of conscious thought was traced, ticketed, and taught. To-

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day, however, it is somewhat generally understood, or agreed upon, that these matters of which we are aware, are but a small part of what constitutes the *mind* of man. Stanley Hall's illustration of the iceberg with only one tenth of its magnitude visible above the water, with the other nine tenths invisible beneath the surface, seems to be the most popular image held in consciousness, to fit an inquiring sense of proportion. Now, with the acceptance of this image of *mind* as being largely unconscious, has grown up a disposition to regard the body and mind of man as being indivisible. This is all very reasonable after we realize how habit takes thought and feelings for granted; until experience and reflection prove that they can be affected by the process of digestion; or when through introspection, a passage of words with another, is invariably followed by a sick-headache, or other similar ailment.

Then there has arisen a host of specialists whose preoccupation is the influence of glandular secretions upon our muscular and nervous systems; and their results so far, have had much to do with a change of diagnostic attitude among practitioners in the field of medicine; and opened up a new field of psychological endeavor. Out of Vienna came a theory of psycho-analysis, which some people look upon as a golden bridge to the healing of all physical ills, and the depopulation of our insane asylums. These theorists claim that man can forget

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nothing; that those things seemingly forgotten, are stored away in the "subjective" or "unconscious,"—the unaware part of mind—until something happens and the "objective,"—the aware part of the mind—becomes aware of them. They also claim that all "unsatisfied" things—wishes, tendencies, proper and improper,—are also still living in the mind that is unaware. In other words, the mind that is unaware is a prison, over which Conscience acts as a jailor.

Recently a Frenchman came to our shores to lecture on autosuggestion, and the newspaper men, ever susceptible to the picturesque, gave his work unstinted publicity, which resulted in much claptrap and noise. The germ of his two fundamental ideas may be stated as (1) all suggestion is in the last analysis autosuggestion, and (2) all autosuggestion is nothing else but the well known action of "Imagination" or of the "Mental"; which adds still another to the various conceptions of the term, *mind*. Moreover, there is the Christian Science doctrine of "Mind is all in all"; and the latest dicta of anthropology: "Mind is not matter."

With it all there has arisen an army of healers and efficiency experts who have seized avidly upon every new idea that could be rationalized with their education, common sense, or interests, to serve as nucleus for their gospel of health, wealth and uplift. There is much steam and fog; but and all, we may draw a bless-

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ing therefrom—such as we will draw from logic, metaphysics, economics, and other older branches of knowledge—a real respect, that will guide and check us on this our own particular excursion.

Again, what is the matter with Psychology and Behaviorism?

I should say, that while one set of men pursue psychology as a *positive* science—the investigation into the nature of things, as in physics or chemistry; and another set pursues the subject as a *normative* science—the establishment of norms or standards, as in education or agriculture—they are both wasting much good time.

Because, firstly and normatively, every individual subject for culture, being duly conscious, has his own norm or standard of behavior. If it is a matter of inspiring individuals to higher norms or standards of behavior, the scientist must ever bow to the relative efficiency of religion.

Because, secondly and positively, every cause of or reason for human behavior induced, must be based upon a first assumption or guess; and on account of slavish veneration for outworn terms, and an indiscriminate use of words the guessing of scientists can never approach the freedom and brilliance of artists and poets.

The syllogism of the positive men is:

1. What *is*. 2. That *ought to be*. 3. Therefore, this *must be*.

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The syllogism of the normative men is:

1. What *ought to be.* 2. That *is.* 3. Therefore, this *must be.*

Now the syllogism of a physical scientist is supposed to be (actually not so) 1. What *was.* 2. That *is.* 3. Therefore, this *must be.*

So, as between physical science, popularly imagined, and psychology as at present pursued, comparative advance will seem to be a subject liable to distortion by idle discussion. Must we then be reconciled to this apparent discrepancy in the field of opportunity? By all means, no. There is still left to us the Speculative Philospoher, who as Jacob Kaye has so well pointed out, has ever been, "The director, the unifier, and the inspirer of thought." But, it will immediately be asked where, in this day of specialization, is the Speculative Philosopher? The answer is, where he always has been—on the street, in the workshops, and on the farms—in some place or position that leaves his processes of ideation free of academic strait-jackets, and the traditions of the Superior Past.

There is much freedom of thought among men today —working men—with a wider acquaintance and readier access to recorded thought than was possible a decade ago, when physical science displayed its most astounding magic in the fields of space and time annihilation; and the shackles of veneration then imposed upon their

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minds, are being snapped asunder by the reverberations of such confessions as "that matter is no longer matter," and that "there is much more to life than a result of chemical and physical reaction."

The truth is, that the words of science have become so muddled, complex and messy, they mean nothing; and common men are learning that logicians could never define logic; and they no longer smile when a master mathematician of today confesses that mathematicians do not know what they are talking about. Dare I impute to science the rôle of the Prodigal Son when at the point of his extremity he resolved "to arise and go unto my Father"—Speculative Philosophy?

John Langdon-Davies gives the credit of "ringing alarm bells" to the scientists themselves. He says: "The most significant fact about intellectual life today is that science has become exceedingly alarmed about the future prospects of humanity. The change has been sudden and complete; thirty years ago the marvellous growth of scientific knowledge and invention produced a universal optimism; nothing was too great for science to promise us; to-day scientists are denying the very possibility of progress and are warning us that unless society begins to take serious steps towards controlling its destiny, it will be submerged in something more destructive than the Deluge." [1]

[1] Langdon-Davies: *The New Age of Faith*, p. 33. (Viking Press.)

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—3—

In this day of intellectual tolerance all thinking men are practically at one on ideals; and thanks to the attitude of deference to the specialist, born of wonder before the marvels of physical science, there is little difference of opinion on principles—the WHY of things; but as for the HOW of things, the manner, rather than the method, there is still room for conflict. The Great War was not so much a war of principles, as a fight about the method in which principles might be applied; and so in our perennial political strife the issue is not the principle of taxation so much as the way in which taxes may be levied, and spent. When the eighteenth amendment was passed and ratified, the principle of prohibition was swallowed up by another way to better win the war; and now after the tumult and shouting, the *manner* of its enforcement is alone the bone of contention.

"HOW did they get that way?" is a common question on the street today, and I am oft-times tempted to speculate, if the change from "WHY did they do that?" does not indicate a natural, universal, interrogative trend. Are we approaching the wisdom of that mythical little Cockney, who when affronted said plaintively: "It ain't the nawsty thing you s'y, but the nawsty w'y you s'y it"? Have we seen the fraud of the First Premise?

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Have we got tired of chasing effects to find causes that turn into effects again immediately upon touching our hands? Are not our ears dulled with the perpetual echo of why, why, why? I believe, so far as human behavior as a subject is concerned, that it is so; and in this excursion I shall try to keep within the adverbial limitation of the HOW.

The question is: how does behavior become so? To state it more fully and practically: *how can that moment before, in which takes place the lightning chemicalization of instinct, emotion, idea, and belief, which precipitates and determines the quality, extent, and intent of action, be isolated for observation?*

—4—

Here I believe that we could follow a clue exposed by James Harvey Robinson in his brilliant essay, *The Mind in the Making*, to great advantage. He opened his third chapter thus: "The truest and most profound observations on Intelligence have in the past been made by the poets and, in recent times, by story writers," . . . And it is but to remember the law of succession in consciousness—that law which gives sleep to fatigue as well as freedom to truth—which enables one to realize that the desire to know Itself has ever led Humanity to the story, the parable, and the drama, to feel upon safe

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ground. I think it might serve a useful purpose to bring the Dramatic Situation to the aid of Psychology. After all, is not dramatic representation the only way by which men can be impressed adequately and sufficiently to grasp truth?

Perceptions and conceptions however vivid do not result in true impression, even though judgment and reason supply an orderly relation or a logical sequence. Emotions must be stirred, convictions challenged, and the whole of one's personality must be surrendered to the very end of being witness to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

A *Drama is the projection of a moment of life, whereby inspection of processes may be easier made.*

The Dramatic Situation, the smashing ready-made combination of circumstance and character, that nugget scattered here and there over the placer fields of life, has ever attracted the chief interest of the gold-diggers of literature and the drama; while underneath their feet were grains of the same metal, and oft-times of infinitely finer quality. The found ones, exhibited in the literature and drama of the world have been numbered by Goethe and others; and labelled and classified by such as Georges Polti.

Of definitions of the Dramatic Situation there have been many, such as "a conflict involving character" of the Pitkin school of fiction; such as "a conflict of wills"

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of the Brunetière school of drama; or such as "crisis," the formula of William Archer. Then as definitions have been challenged and found wanting, the search has commenced for an *essential* present in all drama, which is the opposite process to that of definition, and just as unsatisfactory. When a person picks out an *essential* which he can see in every drama and story, he has merely taken a *part,* whereas formerly a *quality* was taken. There are many essential parts and qualities in the Dramatic Situation.

Characters are essential to drama and the story; so are rôles; a misjudgment is an essential, and just as important as a sound judgment; affinity claims a place beside contrast; coincidence is just as necessary therein as consequence; and there must be conformity and non-conformity of rôle.

Dramatic Situations! They occur every time two images clash in consciousness. They abound with every difference of opinion, belief, feeling, or attitude. At the breakfast table when your wife says the coffee is hot, and you believe that it is tepid, there ensues a dramatic situation, which a dramatist by the grace of a magnifying and intensifying technique, may use to carry the burden of any worth-while theme. It is the outcome of the dramatic situation that makes the story or drama worth-while. It is the outcome that makes a dramatist and story-writer sweat.

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It is the climax, where, when the feelings, convictions and souls of men are stirred into a seething suspense, the magic hand of art turns on the light—sometimes colored by irony, sometimes by wit, or sometimes by humor—to the end of order and seemliness that ever reveals universal truth. The outcome of a dramatic situation must come through the exercise of imagination. There is no other succession possible in art, life, or consciousness.

—5—

What then is imagination—this power which makes a man thrill to the traditions of his race, and sets the most trivial thing a-throb with the spirit of the ages? What makes a mother fold away a worn rag of a coat with loving tenderness? What made that boy die for a few pieces of colored cloth stitched together and flung to the breeze?

To Pascal it meant the "mistress of error and of falsehood"; to Ruskin, "the open sesame of a huge endless cave, with an inexhaustible treasure of pure gold scattered in it." What a world of difference between these two ideas. A hundred other definitions and descriptions could be quoted, but let us content ourselves with the assurance that in it, there is power.

And further, it matters little whether we search for its

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origin through a study of individual child play, or whether we subscribe to the "superabundance of energy" theories of Spencer and Schiller, or the "impulse to self-exhibition" idea of Baldwin, so long as we know it to be an integral part of the human mechanism.

Can the *modus* of its activity be traced? That is the question I will endeavor to answer in the following pages.

Perhaps, at this juncture, it would not be amiss to quote from a conversation between Mr. Alexander Black, the novelist, and his former employer, Mr. Joseph Pultizer, Sr., then the publisher of the *New York World* and other newspapers. The quotation is taken from a volume of essays entitled: *American Husbands and Other Alternatives.*[1] Read:

"'Imagination!" shouted Mr. Pulitzer; 'I know what you mean by imagination! That it is necessarily inexact and irresponsible. I hope you will recover from that. Imagination isn't distortion or sloppiness or substituting misinformation for something that should have been definitely ascertained. . . . It isn't being lazy or indifferent or lacking personal or professional conscience. No! It is what the astronomer has when he says that right there, though no one has yet located it, must be a star. It is what Darwin had when, with the long orchid in his hand, he said that somewhere they would find the long-tongued moth who visited it.'"

[1] *Bobbs Merrill.*

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—6—

Although philosophers, theologians, educators, and psychologists, have ever counted imagination in the sum of human faculties, and other wise men between Chaucer and Coué have testified to its predominance, the present-day conceptions of its nature are so hazy and diverse that a definition at this juncture would only add to confusion already confounded.

Only a large and variable collection of incidents taken from everyday behavior and the life of story and drama, out of which definite laws of ideation may be induced, could do justice to the subject, make clear the full implication of the word, and demonstrate the availability of its power to ease adjustment of individual life to a re-direction toward keener enjoyment, greater usefulness, and conscious power. That is the purpose of this volume.

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RÔLE AND SIMILARITY

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When the will and the imagination are antagonistic, it is always the imagination which wins, without *any exception.*

—Emile Coué.

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CHAPTER II

RÔLE AND SIMILARITY

—1—

"How did he behave?" a mother will ask about her little boy who has attended a party. As to the "why" of his behavior she feels quite competent to judge for herself; or if occasion warrant leave the subject for future and fuller consideration. Only people under emotional stress, and scientists, draw conclusions on the "why" of people's behavior: and as I cannot be charged with being either, I will start with due calm upon a consideration of men in *rôles*—in the state or act of behaving.

First, let us look at man as being cast in the *rôle* of a living, growing, going concern. He has to preserve that *rôle* or die. Hunger stands between life and death.

In this *rôle* as in all others he may play, man has a sixth or prompting sense, called the *kinesthetic*. It receives its stimulus from within, instead of from without, as in the cases of sight, tasting, hearing, smelling, and touching. It is the first sense man acquires, for it governs his every movement. Without its mechanism he would never learn to grasp, to clutch, to crawl, to

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walk, to talk, or to balance himself; yet he only becomes conscious of this sixth sense when something goes wrong—cramp, hunger, strain, pain, or fatigue. This sixth sense is the "matter" with baby when it wants to be all over the place instead of to lie down in its beautiful cosy crib. With it a child senses the softness of wool, the smoothness of silk, the hardness of metal, and the boy at play senses the resistance of fences, bushes, and how light is paper, how soft the grass, and his whole body becomes suited to the bed upon which he lies. This sixth sense saves us from bumping against each other, stumbling over obstacles, cutting fingers, barking shins, all those awkward postures born of apparent strangeness to environment. Without it we lack a due sense of time and distance, become gawks, and clumsy louts. It is the sense which takes care of us when driving a car unconsciously.

It is obvious that all muscular effort must register a corresponding effort in the brain cortex, and with habits of posture, judgments as to distance, weights and time must come habits of thought. Mental attitudes, prejudices, likings for certain things, conditions, and peoples are soon formed, and come to make up much that is our character—all unconscious and entirely out of the province of intelligence; all keyed to *rôle* preservation, our perpetual posture of adaptation.

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—2—

Imputation of rôle is one man's measure of another. It is a law imposed by civilization—and all ethical teaching. It was born of the tender affections in the heart of human mothers. All forms of life are provided for immediately subsequent to birth, but the children of men are provided for a long time after they are—biologically speaking—able to provide for themselves. A human child has everything turned his way without effort. He is given a place or *rôle* to fill, first of course in his mother's affections; and he needs must exist under that *rôle;* then a name is given to him. In ancient Chaldea and Egypt nothing was supposed to have any real existence until it was named. Name meant existence; it was life and the word of life. A child lived spiritually, only when it received a name in baptism; and unbaptized or unnamed children, according to the older beliefs, were not saved. Among the Chinese, Hindus, Parsees, Chaldeans and Egyptians, a name was looked upon as being inseparable from its owner; it was the soul itself. According to South European folklore, a witch could never act against a person whose name was unknown. In Borneo today, a Malay changes his name after a severe illness so that the evil spirit which caused the sickness will not be able to

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find him to afflict him with a second attack. In America today, a Christian Scientist will attempt all manner of evasion before *naming* the Thing which at that moment is giving him pain.

—3—

The consciousness of one's rôle in life is not supposed to come before the seventh year—then a child in theory acquires a "conscience." It is amusing to read the dictum of the applied school of psychology in this connection of age. "The memories of the first five to seven years are lost because repressed—repressed unconsciously." [1] In the first place, how could anything in mind be repressed unconsciously? In the second place, there being no consciousness of self, there would be nothing to repress. A child can hardly be said to have a character, but in a *rôle* as "tyrant," "cute thing" and "precious" we have little trouble in knowing it. And we know the boy who is a "little man" or a "sissy"; and the girl who is a "little mother," and so on. And in later years what is more expressive of a man's worth than the *rôle* term "good sport," and how we love the girl who is a "brick." The bestowal of rank by monarchs or of office by presidents, is as nothing compared to the imputation of *rôle* by one's fellows. What man

[1] By permission from *Mobilizing the Midbrain*, by Frederick Pierce. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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born of woman does not crave the approbation of his fellows? With the presidency behind him and a life of ordered peace before him did not Theodore Roosevelt still acquiesce in the *rôle* of the Strenuous One in the fever infested forests of Brazil, and the wilds of Africa? Was not the rôle of Savior of Europe imputed to Woodrow Wilson, and did he not acquiesce and die in it?

A *rôle* is a man's cloak made up of our knowledge of him. Upon a stranger, it is but an expression of his immediate behavior. Upon an intimate friend, it is an integral part of his personality and character.

—4—

It was Christ who told men that they were of one body: that society had an organism; and the members of the human organism are not so many *selves* as so many actors in *rôles* which the Master outlined in Parable; and which Shakespeare, Dante, Bunyan, Balzac and others have presented in epic drama and story. The various *selves* of men are lost in the various *rôles* of men, for self-forgetfulness is the most human and natural of traits; just as self-preservation is the most hoary and artificial of scientific jokes.

It is preservation of *rôle* that is the primal motive force in life as may be seen anywhere and at any time. "I'll send you down something from my stock if you haven't got anything," hurts your dignity, and gives the

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speaker a wonderful thrill of superiority, or what Veblen would call "gentility."

Both you and the speaker desire to preserve that most attractive of *rôles*, "good fellow"; and he is able to do it by ignoring the spirit of the law of the land embodied in the eighteenth amendment. A white man may desire to marry a yellow girl, but on hearing the word "Ku-Klux-Klan," refrain—preservation of *rôle* as "white" man. A mother seeing her children starving may steal, or a mother seeing a notice of diphtheria upon a neighbor's door may warn her children to drop a playmate or two—preservation of *rôle* of mother. A man seeing his wife in another man's arms, may kill—preservation of *rôle*. One of these acts might well be called an impulse, another could be traced to deliberation; yet all owe motivation to preservation.

Delbouef tells the story of the cobbler of Liége who, when drunk, had been taken up by certain monks and confined in a cell. He awoke to find himself washed, shaven even to a tonsure, and clothed in a monk's habit. The poor wretch was beside himself and he begged of someone to " 'go to the foot of the bridge and see if Gilles, the cobbler, is in his shop; if he is not, I am he; but if he is, may the devil get me if I know who I am.' " [1] This is merely a writer's use of the weakness of the ignorant in their hold upon their own conscious selves.

[1] Delbouef: *Le Sommeil et les Rêves*, p. 86.

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A man's occupation circumscribes his *rôle* because it makes for those conditioned reflexes called habits. Bookkeeping tends to make a man accurate and honest. A sailor living communally tends to be a spendthrift with the medium of competitive exchange—money. The practice of law is apt to give a man a turn to expediency, so also is salesmanship. The *rôles* of producer, farmer, buyer, seller are matters that condition reflex action much more powerfully than accidents of birth or race or creed. Then there is the spirit of organizations and institutions. A Harvard man has his prides and prejudices, just as a Standard Oil man may have his biases as to distribution. To preserve the name of their family, or of a woman, men have lied, stolen and committed every crime in the calendar up to homicide and suicide. And the psycho-analysist proclaims solemnly that Body and Mind are indivisible as if that was all there was to it. Why it isn't half. The real self includes the *Rôle,* the germ of which was in the seed of man before he ever had a "body" or a "mind," and every day of his contact with his fellows changes and conditions it to the making of a Record, the substance of his immortality.

—5—

Now it is out of the *kinesthetic* activity that we may see the emergence of Will, that will o' the wisp of psy-

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chology, theology, and philosophy. The Determinists or Free-willers ask you to visualize a pair of scales, in which two motives are balanced. The strongest motive wins. "Where then is the will?" they ask.

The word "will" used as a term tends to much confusion. As Woodworth points out, common speech brings out such paradoxes as "Since you urge this, I *will* do this, though much against my *will*." [1] What was really meant was this: "Since you urge me, I will do this, though much against my *rôle*—much against my status, my beliefs, or not in accordance with my true relations to others." Every man or woman does exactly as he or she wants to do. There is no variation to that law. A soldier in battle has a desire to halt and run back, but a desire to go forward is stronger. He advances. So, greater than their *rôle* of natural man, men live a *rôle* of the ideal which gives them the power of choice between their desires, and as G. A. Coe says: "Men mold themselves. They form desires not merely to have this or that object, but to be this or that kind of a man." [2]

If you are a "cold" man, you may desire to be a "warm" man and stir the fire; if you are a "wronged" man, you may desire to be an "avenger"; if you are a man "conditioned" by a certain kind of a woman, you

[1] Woodworth: *Psychology*, p. 523.
[2] Coe: *Psychology of Religion*.

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may desire to become a lover; if you do not agree with what is written here, you may desire to justify your own fixed opinions; and so forth,—always a matter of *rôle.*

—6—

Of all the stupid things of which the human ideational mechanism is capable, that of self-imputation of *rôle* is the most deplorable. It is seen and felt in its horrible worst at promiscuous "partyings" where everybody looks like a sheep and makes believe he is having a devil of a time. Men sadly misjudge each other under such circumstances as P. G. Hamerton aptly states in his *The Intellectual Life.* "Many years ago," he recounts, "I was thrown by accident amongst a certain society of Englishmen, who, when they were all together, never talked about anything that was worth talking about. Their general conversation was absolutely null and void, and I concluded, as young men so easily conclude, that twenty or thirty gentlemen had not a half a dozen ideas among them. A little reflection might have reminded me that my own talk was no better than theirs, and that consequently there might be others in the company who also knew more than they expressed. I found out by accident after a while, that some of these men had more than common culture in various directions."

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Hamerton, like most of us under similar circumstances, was more concerned about the *rôle* of which his instinct knew must be imputed to him, than in properly *rôle*-ing or appreciating the company. He was fortunate in being made wise by accident, later.

—7—

Social and economic relations are psychic, consequently more difficult under analysis than those of physics or those of æsthetics. The difference between a safety razor and an old-fashioned razor can be measured by the senses; and the difference between pictures and plays can be measured by our feelings; but whether it is better to be a democrat or a republican, to be a piker or to be a sport, a churchwarden or a hornswoggler, can only be settled by the *rôles* we hold in our social souls. In a time of war all the *rôles* of men are sloughed off under the stress of national emergency when all stand *re-rôled* as Americans. But in the common humdrum of life there is the *rôle* of the Good Provider upon whom rests the Sisyphian task of "keeping up with the Jones' " and whose goad and spur is "everybody else has got one." The wife has to do battle with a grocer who is a "skinflint," a plumber who is a "crook," a milkman who is a "shortchanger"; while he at the office is up against "hardnuts" and "dumb-bells." There also in

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town are the pathetic "misfits" impressed by the parents or economic pressure into trades and professions that are uncongenial, and often positively distasteful. Such as they have discounted their sacrifices and fill their days in whining, and cluttering up the aisles of business.

In the olden days, a *rôle* was given to a man on the battle field, at the jousts, at the market cross, or at the hands of kingly authority, if that authority represented the spirit of the times—if it was the voice of the people. The *rôle* of knighthood was bestowed *en masse* and flourished under the conditions that called for protectors of the weak and helpless. The age of chivalry brought peace and order and better economic conditions, then knighthood ceased to be a *rôle* and became an order to be all properly proportioned by the genius of Cervantes in his immortal *Don Quixote*. We still have individual knights today, but they are very shy about it, for that *rôle* can only be given by a fair lady, and they are so apt to be over-rôled as it were as "big butter-and-egg men."

—8—

As to *rôles* of men, the newspaper is indeed "the voice of the people" for people accept its statements as to the consensus of opinion of the street, the market-place—the world outside the walls of their homes, upon persons. Then have we not a weekly digest which purports to

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present the Truth of things, by quotations from these newspapers? It seems a sad business after reading the words of Thomas L. Masson as printed in the *International Book Review* for October, 1925, "The ignorance about both Science and Religion among newspaper men (and this includes most of the editors) is appalling. Scarcely any of them seem to have more than a superficial knowledge of the Bible, and none of them an idea of mechanics, mathematics, or science itself on the practical side. The editor of one of our most extensively circulated scientific periodicals told me that he knew practically nothing of the subject. He got most of his data from college professors. . . . The outcome of all this is that if we are searching for a sincere, unbiased expression of truth we may look for it in vain in periodical literature." Nevertheless with all their shortcomings, the newspapers of the land are serving the public interest. The proof lies in their power to influence public opinion; and they may hold that power until they fail to serve the average intelligence. No word of this must be taken as supporting the policy, "giving the public what they want," for the simple reason that no such policy could be formulated. No one knows by deduction what the public "wants." They only know what the people "buy," and buying is necessarily restricted to "what is for sale." Trial and error is the only way to

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progress either in geometry, morals or the newspaper business—that is, failing imagination.

—9—

What a common trait is this self-imputation of *rôle* of Friend of the People, especially since the Great War, when through the justification of patriotism, people have organized blocs for the purpose of prompting and promoting special legislation on the subject that holds the fervor of their hearts. To such we owe the eighteenth amendment, the Klan, the Oregon school law which endeavors to determine the school which a child shall attend; and the passage of the Tennessee law which prohibits the teaching of evolution, and the manner in which such was involved with the issues of Fundamentalism.

In the educational field we find sincere individuals as indicated in an article published in the *New York World* for September 11, 1925, from which we quote:

"Mr. Joyce envisages the teacher of American history as a soldier of the Government in mufti, whose duty it is to make the melting pot melt. The myth of the Washington cherry tree story, the traditional stories clustering about Lincoln, the traditions beginning to cluster about Theodore Roosevelt are taught as history—these reach the child when he is emotional and imaginative and build up in him a love for America."

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Every other day we are informed of the organization of some new society to aid other people in becoming better Americans; the end of which seems to be a state of perfection that will save the organizers from becoming ashamed of their fellows. A kind of big-sister-to-little-brother attitude. Perhaps the limit is in sight with the recent announcement of the American Thank You League, whose purported objects are: "To force an appreciation of the fact that courtesy is not merely a sure way of smoothing life's rough places but that it helps business."

—10—

Rôle preservation often needs re-assurance. We find ourselves called upon constantly to re-rôle ourselves "gentlemen," "business men," "good sports" and "artists," or something else because we are afraid that no one else will do it for us. And there is the class of writers for whom, as Grant Overton says, "no public vindication is possible; who affect, indeed, to scorn it, who set themselves up as little gods. They are the worshippers of Art. They are the ones who not only admit but who deliberately deny a moral purpose in anything; who think that a something called beauty is the sole existence, of work, of life, and is alone to be worshipped." [1]

[1] *Why Authors Go Wrong.* (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

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No, they do not worship Art for Art's sake; they worship art for their *Rôle's* sake. The feeling is not the true art feeling of empathy for an object, but sympathy for a person; and that person themselves. They are in affinity with thousands and thousands of other commonplace and brilliant people, divergent in viewpoint, contradictory of opinion, who would joyously assume the rôle of martyr, scapegoat, iconoclast, or naughty boy at the drop of the hat.

However, the rhythmic activity of nature which is responsible for the "little fleas upon the backs of larger fleas," and which allows one end of a see-saw to be always in the air while the other is upon the ground, is still functioning; for there are the Defense Imputers—those who feel the need of *imputing a rôle* to others—that small, nifty legion who, like children in a back yard, call names. They can be identified by the tools they leave behind:—rôles, rôles, rôles. Every man who conforms to social custom, the canons of art, or received opinion is rôled as a "boob," a "Babbitt," a "moron," "a jail-bird," or worse. They are clever in the art of the wise crack, the flip phrase, and obvious alliteration. They rail at the 100 per-centers for intimidating the alien and nonconformer, while they themselves pose as superiors to the 100 per-centers and claim the privilege of intimidating him and the native.

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—11—

Against the calcium of notoriety we may see politicians, preachers, business men, scallawags, harlots, breaking themselves like moths under the delusion that theirs is the *rôle* of "envied one"; the envy of others being their measure of approbation. Prize fighters, opera stars, baseball kings are paid for their performances in very high terms of dollars and cents, but public applause, the precious thing beyond pearls and rubies for which they all pant, is thrown at the feet of actors and actresses. Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year are theirs in which to strut their strut. "The lawyer may sway a jury as few actors can an audience, but bailiffs are at hand to stop a demonstration. The minister may only surmise the effect of his pulpit oratory, for it is not decorous to cheer in church. The soldier wastes twenty years in sagebrush barracks waiting for his war. The writer must work indefinitely to win his public, and then his laurels are apt to be too much like a kiss over the telephone." [1]—But the actor!

—12—

Ask a friend to read the stanza following:

[1] De Wolf Hopper and Stout: *Saturday Evening Post.*

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"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient times by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of Perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

—*Keats*

If he or she responds with something like, "Isn't that a funny way to spell "fairy"? which I heard of a good, sincere and intelligent woman; or tries to work such hokum as, "That doesn't seem to impress me as so and so—" or just gushes, "Isn't it too beautiful for anything?" put it down that your subject is prone to introspection. He feels that he has been "rôled" as a critic and that he must perform to hold your approval. He is highly suggestible to *imputation of rôle.* Just how a man's *kinesthetic* mechanism is tuned up at the watershed of his birth, largely determines his after life; notwithstanding the fact that the power of the press is well on the way to standardize us as so many Ford cars. Though we all arise at the same time and eat the same grapefruit and cereal for breakfast; though we all are herded together in cars and offices, and dance together at the end of the same economic strings; though we all

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drive cars madly there and back, play golf, see the latest review, solve the same cross-word puzzles, and curse the same static, we each and individually are subject to *rôles* which no one else can fill.

—13—

I will now present an illustration in rôle preservation and realization taken from the works of Bret Harte. This story is told not solely to entertain, but to present a dramatic situation out of which may be drawn one definite law, an understanding of which now seems necessary to the expansion of my theme.

Abridgment:

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

By Bret Harte

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped out into the main street of Poker Flat, he sensed a change in the moral atmosphere of the settlement. There was a Sabbath lull in the air which was ominous. Poker Flat "experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction," had decided upon a moral clean-up; and Mr. Oakhurst in company of the "Duchess" a young woman, an old virago who bore the "infelicitous title of Mother Shipton," and "Uncle Billy, a sluice robber, and confirmed drunkard," were conducted to the limits of the town and forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

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Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calm. The road to Sandy Bar, the nearest place of welcome was over a steep mountain range. "The trail was narrow and difficult; and before noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no further, and the party halted. While here was a most suitable site for a camp, Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half of the journey was accomplished, and the party was not equipped or provisioned for delay." But liquor supplied the place of food, fuel, rest and prescience, and Uncle Billy soon passed into a state of stupor; while the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect; calmly surveying them. He never drank because it interfered with a profession that demanded coolness and presence of mind. He filled the time in dusting his clothes and in washing up. "The thought of leaving his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him."

Suddenly he heard his name called, and saw a boy and girl approaching. In the fresh open face of the newcomers, Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "the Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He was not alone, he explained with a giggle. No, not exactly —with a giggle—he had run away with Piney Woods, she that used to wait on the table at the Temperance Hotel. Engaged a long time, but old man Woods had

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objected, so they had run away to get married at Poker Flat. Piney, "a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged all blushes from behind a pine tree."

Mr. Oakhurst, troubled seldom with either sentiment or propriety, had an idea that the situation was not felicitous. He tried to hurry Tom Simson on his journey, but in vain. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

As the young couple parted for the night they kissed; and "the frail Duchess and malevolent Mother Shipton were too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity." The women slept in the hut with the men at the door.

A light sleeper, Mr. Oakhurst awoke early in the morning to find—snow! There was no time to lose. He arose but turning to look towards Uncle Billy, he found him gone—with the mules. "The Innocent slumbered peacefully; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as though attended by celestial guardians." At dawn he saw—they were "snowed in!" They made a careful inventory of their provisions which luckily had escaped the felonious hands of Uncle Billy, and estimated that with prudence and luck they might last out ten days. And so these saints and sinners thrown together by the chance of Fate communed to while away the time. Mr. Oakhurst hid away his cards and whis-

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key, and bore the major portion of the watch while the Innocent slept. Piney Woods produced an old accordian and plucked out a few melodies accompanied on the bones by the Innocent.

> "I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
> And I'm bound to die in His army."

played often, infected the others who joined in the refrain. At night stories were told and Mr. Oakhurst contributed with a story of the Iliad he had read some months before from Pope's translation. "So with small food and much of Homer the week passed." And Mr. Oakhurst settled himself for the losing game before him. Mother Shipton, once the strongest of the party, weakened and died, and with her last breath directed Mr. Oakhurst to a bundle beneath her pillow which contained her last week's rations. "Give 'em to the child," she requested with her last breath. She had starved herself. Then Mr. Oakhurst, bringing forth a pair of snowshoes he had made from the old pack saddle, directed the Innocent to make for the settlement. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her," he said, pointing at Piney.

After a time he left the Duchess and Piney, and walked away down the cañon. A day passed, but he never returned. Towards the next morning these two found themselves too weak to keep up the fire. "They

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slept all day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told which was she that had sinned."

At the head of the gulch they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark of a pine tree with a bowie knife, and it bore in writing:

"Beneath this tree lies
the body of
JOHN OAKHURST
who struck a streak of bad luck
on the 23rd of November, 1850
and
Handed in his checks
on the 7th of December, 1850

And pulseless and cold, with a derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat."

—14—

The moral men of Poker Flat had imputed the *rôle* of *outcast* to John Oakhurst and the other undesirables who were his companions. The wheels of Fate went round and came the climax. There and then, let us stand with those moral men as arriving too late, they view the body

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of a game sport upon the altar of sacrifice, and feel with them the pain and anguish which has always come, and ever will come, to men at the sight of a scapegoat. . . . Guilt, remorse, belated sympathy, and a deeper vision into the mystery of life. They look upon that outcast as looking into a crystal pool and see a reflected image—themselves in *similarity*. They see themselves "as others see them." What is the HOW of this behavior?

Simply this:

Man can only become conscious of his own behavior by imaging another in a similar rôle.

That is a mode of human ideation. One fourth of all the stories ever told, and one fourth of the dramas staged, have demonstrated this mode of *rôle* and *similarity*. To list them would take a volume much larger than this. Here are a few examples taken at random:

The Juggler to Our Lady, by Anatole France
A Little Piece of String, by Guy de Maupassant
Mateo Falcone, by Prosper Merrimee
Annie Christie, by Eugene O'Neill
Macbeth, by William Shakespeare
The Cop and the Anthem, by O. Henry
The Sire de Maletroit's Door, by Robert Louis Stevenson
Laurels and the Lady, by Leonard Merrick

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—15—

From the foregoing, we have now a conception of the term *rôle;* and out of which may be gleaned a lesson; brief, but fundamental in its bearing upon human behavior.

I believe, I have the authority of science in saying that a man's *rôle* in life is to some extent predetermined—that its prime motivation is contained within the seed of man; that man is but the expression of some Universal idea, a part of the plan of Creative Evolution (for to prefix "evolution" with "creative" is to infer a plan, consequently, a Planner). A side-track here might very well take us into the realms of metaphysics and theology, but I prefer to remain a while with science.

Dorsey says: "The tiny germ-cell in the hen's egg is adapted to an environment of yolk and albumen. It draws on these for its nourishment. The human ovum has no such store to draw upon. It is adapted to a different environment. For 280 days it is to live the life of a true parasite, attach itself to a living wall, from which it can derive its supplies for living and growth." [1] The mother supplies the food and oxygen, the cell itself distributes it; and the cell of human life contains within itself all the structure that will eventually grow into an intricate nervous and muscular system, and a brain.

[1] Dorsey: *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, p. 3. (Harpers.)

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Now, while science says there is no mingling of blood between the two, and the child's digestive and circulatory system is always distinct from its mother's, its growth, nevertheless, depends upon what is supplied to it. It is dependent upon its environment for protection. In reference to its mother, a child may, as science says, not be blood of her blood and flesh of her flesh, nevertheless, she *conditions* it.

—16—

Just what peculiar quality of spirit there may have been transmitted through the medium of an individual human germ-cell, just what "conditioning" that life received from its mother environment before birth undoubtedly has a great influence upon subsequent character and rôle, though not so absolutely as Rebbecca R. Williams has expressed it:

"One ship drives east, another drives west
While the self-same breezes blow;
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale
That bids them where to go."

Later, with adjustment to the environment of other people and the world, come the opportunity and responsibility of the parent.

With self-consciousness a child is faced with two sets of truth, "what is" and "what ought to be," and must

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learn to decide between them for himself. Unless he be born with a knowledge of "what ought to be" he has no conscience; and when such is acquired it can only be a "set of rules which a community agrees to observe for its own convenience." And a conscience in that sense varies chronologically: what was right a hundred years ago is not right today. It also varies geographically: what might be right in Turkey is wrong in Kentucky.

I, however, believe that a child is born *with* a conscience; and, paradoxically, though it seem, I believe with James Harvey Robinson, that a child of one of our best families if born and raised among savages would become a savage with them. I also believe that a savage has a conscience, further, that families, tribes, nations, being social organisms, a sense of truth of "what ought to be" *for them* is passed down as a trend within each human germ-cell. But no child can be conscious of this truth until experience reveals himself to himself in the contrast of another's *rôle,* and when through the blessing of sympathy he reaches at-one-ment with his fellows as in the case of the most moral men of Poker Flat. A child's inborn sense of truth is revealed to him through human contacts and a growing social sense —in the seeing of *rôle similars.* Every child is taught "what he ought to do"; but few are aided in the discovery of "what they can do."

If there is anything a child ought to do, it should be

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shown to him that he can do it; that he is able and qualified to do it. If a boy is doing what he ought not to do, he should be diverted to something he *can* do. The full motivation and implication of the verb "can" should be noted. The picking up of pins may be an easier task than the destructive one from which it is desired to divert a boy, but it offers greater possibilities for moral action and service, if, by so doing, he can help his mother.

The declaration of "what can" be done is a call to the imagination and for action. It is a demand for expression. It is an appeal to the *kinesthetic* sense, and in that sense exercise there comes a grooving of channels in the cortex, the tuning of nerves and muscles in co-ordination with thought, with the result of the child becoming a doer by habit.

It is at all times to be "reasonable"! A child should never be urged beyond his powers. He should be watched and sustained during the first effort; and should not be permitted to fail, for in the acquirement of the habit of succeeding by action—"to come off conquerer, not merely in great things, but in small; not to be continually in need of using the arms of others in order to lengthen his own, and to be embarrassed neither by his own body nor by what it has to carry," [1] may become a prime factor in determining his adjustment to life.

The beginnings of imagination have been traced by

[1] Saint-Marc Guadin: *J. J. Rousseau*, T. 11, P. 112.

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some psychologists to child play; but it would be better to say that the beginnings of child consciousness is imagination. A child is first conscious of his *rôle* and the contrasting *rôle* of his mother, as the "provided for" and the "provider." All through child life everything is in contrast, and things, plants and animals are seen in *rôles*, as when a little girl was shown some crickets within a glass case, she wished to know "which one of them it was that had talked to the ant?" That is why fairy tales are not lies to children but truth ideal, and much truer than actual truth; and it is well to note that their little minds ever open and resisting of nothing can be like the jars of old Quintillian, which "preserve the taste of the first liquid that is put into them."

It is the child who has not been allowed a life of play with others who needs attention, for such as he grow into day-dreamers, bad losers, gloating winners, wheedlers, and impostors.

It is to remember that as between older people and children nothing can be *similar*. Comparisons between children and their elders and instructors can only be made by contrast. To put a child mentally on the plane of straight resemblance or similarity with those who are to direct him, is false to natural ideation. It is obvious that a child should always be considered a "little" man or a "little" woman in natural contrast to "big" people; but it is equally necessary to see that a child should be

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a "directee" in *contrast* to a "director"; a "provided for" in *contrast* to a "provider." For a child to remain play-conscious is for him to find the urge of the dramatic instinct, which is the basis of all power to perform. Performance, the full extension of a feeling or a thought, is much of a muscular and nervous habit: and it has its beginning in the free *conscious* play of childhood.

And so with children so with men. Education and experience does not change the laws of human ideation. Aristotle asserted that more men are made bad and ignorant by education and habit than by nature. As for education the kindergarten system is the most natural, and best suited to the formation of those mental habits that make up the bundle of character. To Froebel, the originator of this system, man was an acting and creating being, not a learning and knowing one. He saw the mind of man as a whole not as a mere accumulation of parts. He sought to cultivate not only the thinking powers of the mind, but also those of feeling and doing. And in the review of one's present habits and the attempt to build up others an adult can draw a valuable lesson therefrom. A good habit is a fixed tendency to think, feel, and act in a particular way under special circumstances; and the advantages of such cannot be over-estimated in emergencies. The kindergarten method of promoting personal habits is by imi-

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tation; and that is all very well for the child living in a world of play and contrast. For the adult imitation must become *assimilation.* Imitation is for the stage, the representation of outward effects of character and personality; but *assimilation* goes to the heart, the intrinsic qualities of a man as seen in his *rôle.* Imitation could never be spontaneous, but *assimilation* into the very essence of character, motive and life of the subject moves every member of the body—tongue, hand and brain—to a free, natural, and joyous performance.

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CONDITION AND AFFINITY

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There is harmony, you join in it; there is melody, its counterpart is in you. In that frame you will feel your intellect expanding and its insight reaching to prodigious distances.

—BALZAC

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CHAPTER III

CONDITION AND AFFINITY

—1—

On the deck of a ship anchored off La Guayra, Venezuela, while sleeping through the hot noon hour, I suddenly sprang to my feet. Then, within a space of time which must have been of infinitely split seconds I heard a rushing sound, followed by a loud thud upon the deck. I turned to see near my feet, a large block and tackle that had fallen out of the hands of one of my shipmates aloft. He had shouted a warning, but I had never heard, consciously. A psychologist has told me since, that my action was reflex action.

Man's nervous system is a wonderful affair of trunk lines, switchboards, and exchanges. Scientists tell us that the *central* exchange station is in the cerebrum area of the brain, and that messages can be sent there by one of the outer senses, and be transferred to the right group of muscles for action in about .05 of a second.

If a man's first *kinesthetic* appeal was for food, we might say that the satisfaction that followed its partaking was the first sense memory, and the basis for the first reflex action. With that memory was born an

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affinity for *similar* food. When my mate yelled, "Look out below!" these words possessed a certain *condition* that had its affinity of implication in my memory, and asleep though I was, my nerves obeyed the order of the reflex mechanism. All reflexes become so *conditioned* by a sense memory. We are able to know that a stone is heavy without lifting it. When we hear a certain sound out on the street, we know that a certain car has passed, without the necessity of seeing it; and a shriek in the dead of night is quite sufficient to advise us of trouble, without being witnesses. So as life goes on and experience becomes enlarged, we meet various new and old *conditions* to which we are ever ready to claim *affinity*.

Common reflexes, or the feeling of *affinity* to certain *conditions*, are such as hunger at the sound of the dinner bell, attention at the sound of one's name, repugnance to certain odors, joy at the sight of a loved one, admiration at beholding work well done, etc.; and, though it may shock some of the more artistic souls, I am compelled to say, that what is called æsthetic appreciation is identical with the *affinity* for *condition*—reflex—as that of plain ordinary mouth-watering at the odor of corned beef and cabbage.

—2—

Of course, a poet or an artist possesses a finer reflex

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mechanism than that of the ordinary person. His rich, natural endowment enables him to exercise greater discrimination as to *conditions* and subsequent discovery of *affinities.*

Only a sensitive soul could have felt *affinity* for such a *condition* and expressed so eloquently the situation of the following lines:

SONG OF THE SONGLESS

By George Meredith

They have no song, the sedges dry,
  And still they sing.
It is within my heart they sing,
  As I pass by.

Within my breast they touch a spring,
  They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry;
  In me they sing.

It is only a man of genius who can penetrate to the very heart of such an object and find *affinity* with its essence. We have space for a few examples such as:

A *naked* house, a *naked* moor,
A *shivering* pool before the door.
—STEVENSON

There is a cold, bleak picture of a house, cut as clearly as an etching. Here is another:

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"Where the Norweyan banners *flout* the sky
And *fan* our people cold."

Of that Ruskin says: "The outward shiver and coldness is seized on, and irregularly but admirably attributed by the fancy to the drift of the banners." Note this:

"A breath of will blows *eternally* through the universe of souls in the direction of the *right* and *necessary*."—EMERSON

Here is the "still, small voice" upon its never-ending round—truth eternal, ever available.

—3—

This *affinity* for *condition* is all there is to the æsthetician's *empathy*.[1] To get a clear idea of what is meant by that term, just look at the pillars of some of our public buildings. If they appear too slight, you will experience a feeling of overstrain as you feel yourself in the *rôle* of a pillar. If they are justly proportioned you will get the feeling of satisfaction that comes from knowing that a job is well done. It is the feeling that grips us before a skilful handling of bat, ball or a spade, the existence that is ours after reading the first

[1] Empathy is Professor Titchener's translation of the term Einfühlung (feeling into) from the works of Theodor Lipps; the term, however, had previously been used by Lotze in his *Microcosmus*.

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sentence of a good novel, or when with eyes fixed upon the first scene of a play, we get behind that magic wall that separates us from the world of monotony and travail. A psychologist will illustrate the meaning of the term *empathy* by asking you why you like to watch a kite flying; then answering, "that the observer projects himself into the object observed, and gets some of the satisfaction from watching an object that he would get from *being* that object." [1] He feels himself in the *rôle* of the object.

—4—

Let us watch a trapeze performer high up in the dome of the circus. As the psychologist would say, "as observers we get some of the thrill of being the performer" —though the performer of course, being objective and blasé, experiences no emphatic thrill. We have a feeling of "being in" the rôle. Try for a moment to see this feeling *empathy* as a piece of elastic stretching between us and the performer. Suddenly the performer slips—intentionally of course—and we feel a thrill—the elastic of *empathy* has been *stretched* to the breaking point. We go to the theatre and place ourselves "into" the *rôle*—not person—of hero or heroine, and suffer and enjoy as the elastic of *empathy* is tightened and

[1] Woodworth: *Psychology*, p. 491. (Henry Holt & Co.)

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slackened by the hand of the playwright and actor. The charm of jazz to the subjective mind is in its unexpected breaks of melody and time which alternately slacken and tighten the elastic of *empathy*, and in good jazz, the saxophone knows how to tease and mock at every raw-edge tension.

—5—

The feeling of *affinity* towards condition is the urge for reproduction. In embryology there is a conditional selective element in both the lashing of the tail of the male cell and the enfolding response of the female cell. The desire for mating in man is not aroused in every man by the sight of *any* woman, but by the presence of a *kind* of woman. A lonely incubator chicken pecks *kinds* of grain, and a bird building its first nest, does so under demands of a *change* in its organic structure. Without a *condition* attached to natural selection, there would be no distinct species. Let us see this condition as the "sympathy" of Bergson, the "adaptive tendency" of some psychologists, the "variations" of the anthropologist.

Children are a reproduction of racial conditions, and not of any individual's flesh and blood.

"One hears for instance," objects one scientist, "the expression of such popular notions as that a child with

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respect to its mother is 'flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone.' Nothing could be more fallacious, and untrue. . . . The individual is not in exact sense the product of the father and mother, but the product of two independent cells which were handed on to them to carry as the heritage of thousands of generations." [1] The concern of the instinct for reproduction is then about qualities or *conditions* pertaining to persons.

The same feeling for *condition* is evident in analyses of artistic reproduction. When Shakespeare saw *pale* primroses and violets *dim*, he sensed there *affinity* or *condition*—likeness—with *timid* maids. To analyze poetry in all its inspirational vagaries and flights seems a sacrilegious affair, but behind every illusion of art there must be a mental framework, or it could never be accepted by the ideational processes. In "Thou wert not born for death," Keats erects in the mind of the reader a *condition* of Immortality, and every subsequent word and tone runs in *affinity* with it. Note how condition-for-affinity is handled by Myra Kelly in that charming little piece "A Christmas Present for a Lady" [2]: The setting of the story is in the East Side of New York and Christmas time, with the Christian public school teacher accepting from her little Jewish pupils the Gifts of the Magi.—A scene in which childish

[1] By permission from *Mobilizing the Midbrain*, by Frederick Pierce. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co.

[2] From *Little Citizens*. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

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sophistication with a *locale* touch of incongruity makes love appear more lovely. The youngest boy and the poorest of her pupils, stands desolated at his inability to furnish the evidence of his undying love for "teacher" along with the others. The kiss which she bestows on receipt of each little insignificant trifle is to his envious wondering little heart the mark and symbol of her love, and not for him. A Christmas present to him becomes conditioned to "kissworthiness." That, to his unconscious mind is the very nature, heart and viscera of a Christmas present—"kissworthiness." "Teacher" sees his loneliness, and knows of his poverty and before he leaves for home gives him a kiss for nothing, *but that kiss was not properly conditioned!* At home, his mother, too poor to help, tries to divert his mind, but to no avail. At supper time his father returns from the day's work; and, as he puts away his coat, places a piece of pink paper in his mother's hands. Her response reminds him of "teacher," for a smile passes over her face and she takes his father and kisses him. Here was another *kissworthy* thing, then! With curiosity, and much else born of magic of imagination he watches her place the pink paper within a bureau drawer. Later in the night he takes possession of it. In the morning "teacher" accepts the scrap of pink paper from his little dirty hands and kisses him for it. *Affinity has been found.* In her room that night "teacher" passes a very

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happy though thoughtful hour among the various offerings of her pupils—"numerous, whimsical, all very precious"; but none touched her heart so poignantly as the pink piece of paper which was a rent receipt for a room on the top floor of a Monroe street tenement.

Here we have a Christmas present and a rent receipt linked up in that boy's ideational mechanism by *affinity*.

Just as the rôles of men are the measure of their status among other men, so are *conditions* of things—*not their intrinsic but their extrinsic attributes, not what they are but what they stand for,*—the prime factors of their identity and utility.

This may be found more fully exemplified in the following abridgment of another short-story classic. *Abridgment:*

—6—

THE NECKLACE

By Guy de Maupassant

Madame Mathilde Loisel was pretty, with an instinct for the finer things of life; but married to a poor government clerk. She was unhappy in her environment and forever complained to her matter-of-fact husband. One evening he brought home an official invitation to a ball which was to be held at the palace of the Ministry,

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in the service of which he was a humble worker. Instead of being delighted Madame Loisel threw down the card with disdain. To her husband's surprised inquiry she replied that she had nothing to wear. So Monsieur Loisel, in love with his wife, denied himself in order that she might buy a new dress. Another matter troubled her. She had no jewelry; and she would have proceeded no further with her preparations for the event had not he suggested that she borrow some from one of her schoolday friends, now rich. Madame Forestier loaned her a superb necklace of diamonds. On the night of the ball, Madame Loisel "made a triumph. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling and mad with joy. She was noticed by the Minister himself." She left about four o'clock, awakening her husband who had been asleep in an anteroom, and they took a cab back to the humdrum poverty of her home. Then suddenly "she uttered a cry." The necklace was no longer around her neck! They sought high and low, called at Police Headquarters and the newspaper offices to offer a reward, to the cab companies—everywhere the least suspicion of hope would lead; but without avail. After days of hopeless waiting they faced the inevitable —the replacement of the necklace. They took the box to the jeweler whose name it bore, but he could only say that it was not he who had sold the necklace. They searched every jewelry store in Paris until they found

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a necklace at all similar to the one they had lost. But its price was thirty-six thousand francs! Monsieur Loisel had eighteen thousand francs left him by his father, and he borrowed the rest. Madame Loisel took the necklace to her friend in dread that the substitution might be discovered but Madame Forestier was only offended that it had not been returned sooner. Madame Loisel now "experienced the horrible existence of the needy. But she took her part with real heroism." The debt had to be paid. They changed their residence, renting a garret under the roof and for ten years they slaved. She, washing dirty linen and dish cloths, and bargaining and chaffering to defend her every sou, while he worked evenings and far into the night, copying manuscript for five sous a page.

Ten grinding, heartbreaking years! Then, one Sunday Madame Loisel met Madame Forestier: still young and beautiful. Madame Loisel was moved and greeted her friend. The other astonished at being addressed so familiarly by such a plain woman did not recognize an old friend, but the explanation was forthcoming. Madame Loisel seeing no reason for fear, now confessed to losing the necklace; and then she told of her ten years of hardship to pay for the new one.

"You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then!—They were very

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alike." And she smiled with a joy which was at once proud and naïve. Madame Forestier strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs."

Madame Mathilde Loisel had a soul that longed for *affinity* with the finer things of life; and her secluded rôle which allowed full play to introspection merely intensified her vain longings. That's why the necklace she borrowed was a "diamond" necklace, without thought. It was *conditioned* by the box which bore the name of a most exclusive jeweler. In the crisis of loss, the genuineness of the necklace was impressed upon her more deeply than mere words could do, by the subconscious *condition* of the quality box. She was credulous and the law of affinity drove her to reproduction—reproduction of quality by *condition*. That meant *substitution* of a thing, just as Madame Forestier herself had substituted; just as Myra Kelly's boy had substituted with a rent receipt.

—7—

Here we may account for the instinctive appeal of the drama and of fiction, where one may substitute himself for the hero *in* the *rôle* portrayed. Who can read,

"Halt! the dust brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire! out blazed the rifle blast."

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without feeling himself in the *rôle* of Stonewall Jackson? The attractiveness of Babe Ruth or of Jack Dempsey is in their respective rôles of "slugger" and "puncher" in which we can substitute ourselves to get the vicarious thrill. Who among those who may read can escape the rôle of the "enchanted" of these lyric lines of Shelley?

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float, ever, forever,
Upon the many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,—
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound."

—8—

The wealth of thrills to be gotten out of a simple game of Hearts has been most vividly put by Mabel Dodge in the *Psycho-analytic Review* (Vol. 5. No. 4.).

"What is playing cards?" she asks, then answers:

"What is there so fundamental about it—that this custom, coming down to us from most ancient days, continues to charm and engross people of all ages and all tastes?

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"It must be because, underlying it, there is some satisfaction as common to all people as eating or making love.

"What instincts does the game of cards call into activity?

"There is the opportunity for prowess—for excelling over the others with its gain of the sense of power.

"There is the chance—the accident—that betrays the play of invisible powers through one, which is part of all religion.

"There is the uncovering of the 'unknown'—which gratifies the desire in everyone for exploration and for discovery. . . .

"Isn't this the very game of life, locked up in this handful of pasteboard things?

"As we sit together around this table, perhaps we are releasing our pent-up loves and hates—our secret ambitions and some of our unsatisfied instincts which the censor of man within each of us, guarding all our acts, has told us we cannot bring into full play every day.

"In a game of cards we may find a substitute for the game of life—a substitute that gives us, biologically, a free hand, and which, sociologically, does not offend civilization. For in that fairy land it is not unbecoming for a lady to play quite openly for the Hero, and to grab him if she can."

—9—

It might come as a shock to some to be told that a person's affection for another is really not for the person, but for what a person stands for. When we sympathize *with* people we are really *with* them as it were "in the same boat." The boat is the *rôle* of "sufferer." Many parents are puzzled and often distressed at the

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apparent lack of affection in their growing children. The remedy is for the parents to change their rôles from "provider" to "helper," to "inspirer," to "comrade," "pal" and eventually to "cared-for" as gracefully as possible.

Man's affections, sympathies, antipathies are not applicable to persons *but to rôles.* A rôle is the condition of a person. What has a more universal appeal than such phrases as: "They loved him *for* the enemies he had made," or, "I loved thee *for* thy beauty, but not *for* that alone." The motives of affection are not of flesh and blood—material. They are of *condition,* possibly of form and color, of charm and manner, of speech or gesture, or that vain mask of a thing called "personality." Says Coleridge:

"I have of reasons manifold
  Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold,—
  His eyes are in his mind.
  What outward form and features are
He guesseth but in part;
  But what within is good and fair
He seeth with his heart."

—10—

Hero worship is based in *empathy.* Movie stars, baseball stars, prize fighters, any figure placed in a

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thrilling rôle by the newspapers are the idols. It is the *rôle*, not the person, that has the multitude's feeling—the vicarious thrill of their individual selves being in the *rôle*, for when the star has fallen to a rôle below the general standard of *empathy*, sympathy intervenes, and sympathy for a god is his ticket for oblivion.

Boys acquire ideal rôles, and it need not alarm parents to discover that the *rôle* before the substitutive eye of their boy is that of a pirate, a policeman, a soldier of fortune, or an engineer. It is not the character or personality of the *beau ideal* that holds the boy's admiration but the *rôle;* and be it to the eternal credit of the story-tellers of the world, these rôles are always played high unto chivalry.

—11—

A man qualified to act as a critic of literature or of the drama should be a man rich in *empathy*. He should be a man who has read thousands of books, seen thousands of plays, and led a varied and active life. The latter should perhaps be his chief qualification. He should have comprehended literature and the drama in totality and from that induced the principles of technique so that he could trace affinities, analogies, conformities and contrasts as between the work of one man and another. He should know the essence of art. He should be able to see Dickens in Stacy Aumonier;

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Chekhov in Conrad; Hardy in Ben Ames Williams, and account for the influence of French drama upon the plays that survive today. Where such a man lives, and on what he dines and drinks is another matter.

The near critic is of course subjective—to many things. Sometimes to a poor digestive apparatus; sometimes to faulty education; but the worst critic is the one prone to become objective—self-conscious in his appreciations—consequently partial. He tries to see art by *parts*, whereas the measure of art is *condition*.

—12—

Perhaps the most pathetic of persons in our business day is the substitutive man in business, the man with high ideals and big expectations but with no capacity for action. He seems to lose contact entirely with the present, and is forever occupied with that day, the *some* day, when he is going to do something. Just as this kind plays ball from the bleachers, he plays the game of business by watching and commenting upon other men's achievements. He tries to believe and make others believe that he has a real part in it all, for the instinct for reproduction drives unmercifully for an affinity with the *condition* of hope and ambition that lies near the heart of all men.

Then, there is that pathetic figure—the artist with-

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out power to create. He might be anything, a novelist, a playwright, a painter, but just because he has a high sense of values, he stifles his power of expression by self-criticism. He is found on the fringe of literature and art, eking out a living by polishing up the work of lesser men, or blunting his fine mental tools against the deadrock of history and criticism, to the unthankful task of building encyclopedias, and textbooks for the education of future generations. The way to action for these men will, I hope, be found in succeeding pages.

There are those people who, rich in feeling, seek to *condition* all things and persons at their first meeting. "What has been will be" is their measure of life yet to be lived, and all things to them are duly labelled. Everything is at once without discrimination rationalized to their past experience. To them every politician is "crooked," every philanthropist is a "good advertising man," and every time they lose their umbrella it will turn out to be a "rainy" day. One experience with one person or thing is sufficient unto them for a lifetime. These are usually the cynics, men who cannot trust themselves, consequently are always seeking *affinity* for untrustworthiness. In the same group we find the Colonel Sellars' who are always "about to make a million" with a strong *condition* of assurance without and a sanguine heart within seeking *affinity* with a sincerity of purpose that is very seldom understood or appre-

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ciated. A sucker is never a "sucker" to this type of promoter; and the all too usual failure of his schemes is more of a surprise and calamity to him than to any one of his victims.

—13—

We are "moved" by things though we move not, as when the strands of that network of reflex action become clogged up with conflicting conditions and emotions. On such occasions we declare: "We know not what to do," or, "we fear to make a decision." Our original *kinesthetic* impulse—the central exchange as it were—cannot direct action in two ways at once. The wires get crossed. What to do? We may be a believer in the Kantian categorical imperative and do the thing that stands out as the universal, impersonal thing —the right thing, "the best in the long run," and make of it a moral issue. We may toss a coin and take a chance, for an issue of fact. We may wait and sleep over it to defer the issue. It all depends upon how objects before us are *conditioned,* and what we have in *affinity* with those *conditions.* The *condition* most strongly embedded in our subconscious mechanism will win out.

If I may liken the network of nerves, muscles and neurons that make up the kinesthetic mechanism, to a

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telephone system, emotion is seen as the current that moves through these wires. Joy, sorrow, fear, resentment, anger, curiosity and such have each their own strength, "voltage" or *condition*, and one of these "wires" can be charged to such an extent as to affect all the others. At such times we "feel good," "peppy," or inversely "utterly depressed" *all over*. Emotions can be consciously stimulated. You may pretend to be angry, clench your fist, contort your face, and go through other motions; but if you do not call upon your sense memories that will make for a conditioned reflex, you will fail to convince yourself. James said: "we do not tremble because we are afraid, but we are afraid because we tremble." As stated, that is a mere juggling of time. We fear and tremble by reflex from a past condition that is in affinity with the one *now* before us. *The way to courage and action is to forget.*

—14—

The instinct for reproduction drives without mercy. The ethical teachers have taught repression. The new school of analytical psychologists condemn repression. "We must not repress vital instincts; it is dangerous to do that; we may have complexes if we do," they prattle. What a sorry doctrine! Suppose we took such at its full

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value, and applied it to all instinctive urges that all men are heir to—*all* men, remember—where would it lead us? Let those "let-goers-regardless" preach their gospel to the men who serve them—policemen on the beat, milkmen, the men who drive the trains, the men who furnish half their comforts of life through an electric wire, men who man the ships, and if need be, fight in the front line trenches. Let them suppose, now, that their house was on fire, and their children were asleep in their beds; and the fireman to whom the information was given, stood there shaking his head, and saying, "No, I cannot restrain my fear impulse. I'm a disciple of the new intellectual psycho-analysis cult. Why it would never do for me to go up that ladder with the complex I have."

The practical, scientific way out of an emotional complex is substitution. The best advice to a jilted girl is to "get another boy," failing that to learn a trade or a craft. Substitution to oneself is as natural and ordinary as eating and drinking. None of us may have all we see and desire; and none of us need go through much pain and anguish of relinquishment if our ideation is sound. We are all endowed with proper mechanism for adjustment and a full emergency kit. We all have imagination!

Imagination told us that to every *rôle*, there was always a *similar*. It tells us now that to every *condition*

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in our lives, no matter how heart-breaking and monotonous, there is always an *affinity* to save us.

With less credulity and more imagination Madame Loisel would not have accepted that box as a *condition* of quality without seeing how it could put a genuine necklace and a fake necklace in false *affinity*.

The works of the poets of the world are examples of mis-felt *affinity;* and it is probable that one third of the modern stories and drama could be placed in the same category. A list at random:

The Recreation of Brian Kent, by Harold Bell Wright
The County Chairman, by George Ade
The Reprieve, by W. L. George
The Belled Buzzard, by Irvin Cobb
Merchant of Venice, by William Shakespeare

—15—

Conditions are memories, records of sense experiences, to which emotions have become unbreakably attached, and it would seem that those of a pleasurable nature would tend to seek for their affinities in the condition of things that appear in every new experience, but what about the sweet souls who literally enjoy the sad, the melancholic and the morbid? There are those who are ever ready to cry with Rogers:

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"Go—you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away!
There's such a charm in melancholy
I would not if I could be gay."

So it must not be taken for granted that the affinities sought, though always desirable, are always gay in the ordinary sense of the word. There is no norm of pain nor of pleasure, just as there can be no absolute standard of behavior.

Some people write and talk glibly on the supreme importance of adjustment to life, as if a standard of adjustment were as fixed in common consciousness as a table of weights and measures. Though it may be largely true, as that capable writer Glenn Frank puts it: "Finding one's right place in the complicated scheme of the modern world and its work is the central problem out of which all our problems grow," the term "adjustment" means nothing without a standard in mind to which adjustment is to be made.

Does adjustment to business life mean affinity with the rôle of a Babbitt or "over-stimulator"? Does initiation into the literary *arcane* demand affinity with the rôle of a "flip-phraser" or an "art-saker?" Would an old-fashioned girl be considered a maladjusted one? If so, then adjustment is not so necessary a thing as it is cracked up to be. It must never be forgotten for a mo-

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ment, that society which would hold up a standard of adjustment today, was largely evolved through the efforts and agony of men who refused to adjust themselves to the standard set by society in days gone by.

There is a law of adjustment in every society, just as there is in every pack, horde, swarm, herd of the animal world, and the instinct out of which it was born is called "the approbation of one's fellows." Any variation to it arises in the brain of an individual who has lost the sense of the present and found a sense of the future, a matter of time, a matter of projection. It is not always wise to discuss adjustment or maladjustment beyond a particular case, for the maladjusted have a habit of becoming the adjusted of tomorrow.

—16—

The feeling for *affinity* is that power in man, which if trained can find the truth in other men with unerring accuracy. Some men—usually the large captains of industry—possess this ability in a very remarkable degree. It seems to be the "be all" and "end all" in their judgment of other men. Explain it adequately they cannot, yet they are ready to agree to the following explanation when they hear it. They see and listen to the man before them with their physical eye; they hear

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his arguments and explanations and sum up mentally; yet they know there are not sufficient data before them to make a judgment. So they allow a man to judge himself. Through *affinity* they pierce through his attitude—his *condition*—for the quality of his sincerity. Does he believe in himself? Does he believe in the goods he offers for sale? Would he buy them himself?

Knowledge of one's goods, a fine presence, an eloquent tongue, and such, do not make a good salesman. Far from it. The essential quality is sincerity, of which his attitude is the *condition* observed by others.

The work of a salesman lacking that quality is a heart-breaking time of re-adjustment to every person he attempts to sell to; a soul-crushing job, for the poniards of *affinity* probing for sincerity, have no mercy. No wonder half-educated, insincere salesmen complain, and die of "blues," "slumps," "soul-tiredness," etc.

—17—

The man who is "like folks," eats what others eat, three square meals a day at that, wears "what they are wearing," pays his bills, feeds his cat, and roots for his home town, is pretty well adjusted *for his day*.

It is well to know that when a person is nervous there is nothing wrong with his nerves. They are not diseased or impaired. The trouble lies in the messages they

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carry. Doctor Josephine A. Jackson puts it in her crisp, telling way: "The nerves do carry the wrong messages. But the nerves are merely telegraph wires. They are not responsible for the messages that are given them to carry. Behind the wires is the operator, the man higher up, and upon him the responsibility falls. In functional troubles the body is working in a perfectly normal way, considering the perverted conditions. . . . The troubles are not with the bodily machine but with the master. The man behind is in trouble and he has not a way of showing his pain except through the body." [1]

Today, after years of research and experimentation by groups in both America and Europe, the medical profession are practically at one as to the predominating influence of mind upon the body. So to state that *maladjustments to environment—functional nervous troubles—are not physical,* is just to state a commonplace.

The trouble then is in the realm of ideas,—a conflict of ideas. What can be the nature of difference between ideas? Time and place; for feeling has three phases:

1. The *affinity* for a *condition* that *is,* under various circumstances.

2. The *affinity* for a *condition* that *ought to be,* at various times and places.

[1] Jackson and Salisbury: *Outwitting Our Nerves,* p. 15. (Century Co.)

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Between these two arise the inner conflicts which govern the behavior of men. (The third, I will hold to the end of the chapter.) The trouble starts with the power of parents to make the actualities of "what is" for a child, more or less than normal, either by too much affection or too much neglect. The conditions attached to the actual concrete things of life are thereby distorted. A dog is feared when it should be petted. Rich food becomes a necessity instead of being a luxury, and so forth. Then there is the common parental inability to feel that the social code of "what ought to be" is forever changing while they as parents may be standing still, ideationally. And this makes the natural adjustment by expression difficult, for oft times the differences between the family "what ought to be" and the "what ought to be" of that organism called society are so wide as to be unbridgable; hence, the body gives up—and, the doctor!

If a person has feelings or opinions which differ from those of the people who are his fellows, and he insists upon full expression of such, he flies in the face of adjustment. Not always, however. There is the grown-up child whose body has received too much attention either from his parents or from himself which conditioned him to self-exhibition. He has a well-developed *condition* within that can only find affinity with the limelight of publicity—regardless of its qual-

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ity. Notoriety is the breath of life to his nostrils, just as the approbation of one's fellows is to the normal man.

Christ said, "Ye are of one body"—a Whole. If a body, then a conscience? But that body is constantly changing—new births, new deaths, new marriages, and new divorces, immigration and emigration, schism and union, and the "truth of what ought to be" takes on a new complexion as time goes on. "Time," said Lowell, "makes ancient good uncouth." Opposing this change is the "standpatter," the "automatist" as Bergson calls him, who insists that "what ought to be" as *he* sees it is the truth forever and a day. The ancient story of the puritanical woman who called up the police station to have some boys, who were bathing in sight of her house, arrested, will well illustrate this. The policeman who answered her call, drove the boys some distance away. Again, she called up to say that she could still see them from her roof. Once more the policeman drove them further away. Still, another call from her to say that she could see them through her field glasses! I have specially used this story for it is an old standby with some psycho-analyists to illustrate a person who is sexually hypersensitive. They are mistaken. That woman just had a feeling of "what ought to be"—a little out of time—which demanded full and adequate expression. Sex is all but to a few. To the majority it is but a *part* of life.

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—18—

Failing direct expression, is there no other means of adjustment? Yes, there is substitution or diversion, sometimes called sublimation. Emotion may be diverted—switched off at one of the exchanges of the nervous system onto another wire and field of expression where *affinity* may be found. There now comes to our aid imagination! We come to another phase of *affinity:*

3. That of *what can be*—always of the future.

The person with the "inferior complex" of the psychoanalyst, the person who has been tagged with a sense of sin by the force of environment, the person who never seems to get his chance, all these introspective people who dramatize their maladjustments and set the vicious circle of emotion, nerves, headaches, anxiety, fear, hysteria at work, may look to the future with hope.

Somewhere in consciousness is a switch where their car of expression may be diverted. There is some work, something upon which they may exercise their minds and bodies that is in affinity with a *condition* within. It may be found in one of the following chapters.

It is first to forget. Everyone may forget just as they may remember. Listen to an authority:

"The peculiar mixture of forgetting without remembering is but one instance of our mind's selective activity. Selection is the very keel on which our mental ship

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is built. And in the case of memory its utility is obvious. If we remember everything we should on most occasions be as ill as if we remembered nothing. It would take as long for us to recall a space of time as it took the original time to elapse, and we would never get ahead with our thinking." [1]

Next, it is to change time or place—change the daily routine. The man or woman who travels by the 8. A. M. train after riding on the 8.15 train can find a new world.

[1] James: *The Principles of Psychology.*

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PART AND PARTNER

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For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is part shall be done away.

—I Corinthians: 9–10.

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CHAPTER IV

PART AND PARTNER

—1—

Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise! Arise!

—*Shakespeare.*

To get the spirit of that lyric it is necessary to feel it as a whole, to feel *affinity* with its atmosphere and get lost in at-one-ment. To take out a lark, a spring, or flowers, separately, is to destroy all poetry—*it is thinking*—what Ruskin calls "the gathering up of pieces, which we all can accomplish." There are some of us who standing before the glory of an autumn sunset can do no more than tell off the horrid details;—all so deftly put by a girl in one of Douglas Newton's stories: " 'Ah, see that blue streak, see the red there, and there's gold

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too. And there's a big cloud, and there's a little one on the left.' Like a list of groceries carefully recited, and practically all of them tell you that it reminds them of Turner, as if Turner was the man who first built sunsets." We are *thinkers*. Good scholars at school, live-wires at business. Our way to knowledge by the outer five senses—by thought—is part by part, piece by piece.

—2—

Theoretically, thinking is an effort to square the facts of experience—what we discussed in the preceding two chapters—with truth that is called self-evident. The self-evidences are stated thus:

1. *Whatever is, is.*
2. *Nothing can both be and not be.*
3. *Everything must either be or not be.*

These truths are given by logicians as a part of mind's original makeup—in that cell which the anthropologists and biologists say, contained the memories of thousands of generations. Why stop at thousands? In practice, however, "whatever is" comes to be just that *part* to which a man's mind is attending; no more, no less, and as Lotze said, "Even the simplest and apparently driest notions are never quite destitute of attendant feeling." [1] And this attendant feeling has a tendency

[1] Lotze: *Microcosmus*, vol. 1. p. 243.

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to fix attention upon that particular thing "that is" to such extent as to induce a state akin to hypnosis until the *part*-thing becomes almost "bone of one's bone and flesh of one's flesh." It becomes the all-in-all.

The words "thought" and "thinking" have been used rather generally to describe all human activity other than that of definite muscular action. According to the ancient English translators of the Bible a man "thinketh in his heart." According to present day scientists the seat of thought is in the brain which is the head. The academic psychologists used to divide up consciousness into the three states of *Feeling* or *Emotion, Knowing* or *Intellect,* and *Willing* or *Volition.* This three part division of mind is not used by modern psychologists, and lacking a clearer explanation as to relative functions, they seem half inclined to accept the dicta of C. J. Herrick that "There is nothing in our experience, there are no mental powers, no skill in ratiocination or logical analysis, no capacity to forecast future events, no flights of imaginative fancy, which do not depend directly or indirectly upon sensory data," and get down to first principals, as it were. Much has been written on the Art, and on the Science of Thinking, but the authors while claiming every mental activity as a part of their subject, have usually rested their cases upon the admission that after all, feeling governs thought, which is an obvious begging of the question.

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Accepting Herrick's dicta that all thought, feeling, and action is based directly or indirectly upon sense perception, we may see clearly through the ambiguities of outworn terms by noting the modus of thought. It is always objective. It always follows attention. Thought like feeling stands between memory (consciousness of the past) and imagination (consciousness of the future). It exists under the stress of attention, until it becomes more or less fixed by the feeling of *enthusiasm* called by some, auto-suggestion, by many people, plain self deception, by Bacon, the "tincture from the will and affections" which is present in "even the simplest and apparently driest of notions." What is enthusiasm?

It is a love and instinct for the whole, the complete, the final, the regular, the end, the last word. While as James points out there is no such thing as voluntary attention sustained for more than a few seconds at a time, *enthusiasm* will ensure that constant repetition which can wear away a stone. That's why we always feel educational processes to be awkward and unnatural, unless enthusiasm sustains attention.

Enthusiasm is a natural manifestation of the spirit looking for the Whole—the Universal—and for the nonce, often fools itself that a *part* is the whole while another *part* is emerging, and another, and so on, in endless procession to infinity. Mathematics is just a chas-

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ing after parts to find the Whole, which it can never see. In physical science it is generally agreed that an atom (part), material electrons (other parts) moving in space (another part) around a nucleus (another part) which consists of more electrons (other parts) and more space, space, space, etc., etc. That is the sum of the scientific theory of causation. While *enthusiasm* is the most dynamic manifestation of the human spirit it is responsible for half of the delusions of the world.

—3—

Thought, however, seems unable to get along without enthusiasm, "for unless the mind were affected in some way by the problem itself, it would not come within the mind's sphere of knowledge at all. Knowledge depends upon feeling; that feeling which any object or truth is able to excite in the mind." [1]

So, "whatever is" becomes "whatever receives attention at that moment." Without attention there could be no thought. With the loss of attention, thought ceases. Consequently thought is merely concerned with a *part* until it picks up another *part*. At school we all learn by *parts*, bit by bit—addition, subtraction, multiplica-

[1] Dewey: *Psychology*, p. 18.

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tion, division, make arithmetic; a chapter on the Pilgrims, a chapter on Jamestown, a chapter on the Stamp Acts, make up history; lakes, mountains, rivers, seas, make up geography.

Let us consider the behavior of a few great thinkers under the hypnotic spell of enthusiasm for their specialty. "Why," asked William James, "do so few scientists look at the evidence for telepahy so-called? Because they think, as a leading biologist, now dead, once said to me, that even if such a thing were true, scientists ought to band together to keep it suppressed and concealed." [1] Substitute any new idea you please for "telepathy," and try it upon any "thinker" you know, the response will be little different from that above quoted. Gibbon, the great historian, had "five" reasons to account for the spread of Christianity—no more, no less. It was his *part*, or special theory. Huxley, himself, after coming to the conclusion that life had always come from pre-existing life, frankly stated that he was sorry the evidence did not point the other way! His *parts* were affected.

Darwin tells of informing Sedgwick, the geologist, of the discovery of a tropical Volute shell near Shrewsbury to which Sedgwick responded that such a find would be a "great misfortune to geology, as it would overthrow

[1] James: *The Will to Believe.*

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all that we had known about the superficial deposits of the Midland counties." [1]

Scudder Klyce tells of receiving a letter from Millikan the physicist under date of March 7, 1924, in which Millikan agreed " 'that there is no such thing as exact science' "; this after he "had been awarded a Nobel prize, a short time before, on the grounds that he had proved the existence of *exact* electrons." [2] A prize for proving a *part* to be a *whole;* then a later discovery by the prize-winner that his *whole* was only a *part* after all!

—4—

Thought is a matter of the five senses—with primitive man an affair of acquisition of food and other things. With man today the necessity of earning a living and the maintenance of a home and position is also a matter of acquisition; and his physical organism functions just as it did with his remotest ancestors. As an animal may hear, see, sniff, handle and taste food, thereby get complete sense perception, and satisfaction: so can man. But man in his objective attitude toward things other than food perceives but partially.

Of course, man in all of his acquisitive activities does

[1] Autobiography.

[2] Klyce: *Sins of Science,* p. 218 (Marshall Jones Co. Boston.)

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not use all of his five senses together upon an object. He knows his car by sight, not by feel or smell. Poring over a contract which might represent as much in his life as captured prey to one of his hungry animal ancestors, he doesn't proceed to know it in the complete primitive manner—by *all* the senses. He merely sees it. He cannot think farther than he sees. If his memory takes him into the past, or imagination takes him into the future for other data relative to the contract, he ceases to think.

—5—

Conscious of others' limitations, the smarter thinkers offer *parts* to their fellows, deducing that they will accept them as *wholes*. They offer disguises for identities. Just as in ancient days the priests used symbols to conceal everything in mystery, the priests of trade and profession are at it today. Your stock broker will talk cryptically of "cycles" and "trends," of dividends and basic economic factors, but when two stockbrokers get together, their worship is ever before the god of manipulation. The insurance man always has a reason to call upon you before he finds opportunity to state his object. Every doctor must have his "bedside manner"; and every lawyer an anteroom with uncomfortable chairs. As to whether there may be justification for all this hokum, we may leave to the individual practitioner.

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Sense knowledge of things is only *part* knowledge; and the urge is always for complete knowledge. The passion for acquisition will not be denied. Just as soon as intelligence is conscious of an objective it works for the symmetry of the whole accomplishment. Your wife will ask you to finish up what is left on the dish, and excuse the act with a motive for saving, when she knows that nothing is to be saved, but thereby a *whole* in ideation is accomplished. One element or *part* of value must never be thrown away, is the command of intelligence, and upon that, discounts and part payment coupons are used by shrewd business men though not as commonly as in the days before the university school of commerce movement.

—6—

The perpetual theme of the Third *Internationale,* the gist of the Soviet propaganda, a pet theory of Karl Marx, and the lusty weapon of the present-day Communists is "class consciousness"—the dividing up of mankind into social *parts.* To those people the economic *part* of life is the whole of it. Such things as religion, culture, science, education and art are considered only in their relation to a cold, bare theory of Economics. Its appeal to the "have-nots," resting as it does upon a re-distribution of the world's goods, evokes the acquisitive habit.

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I often wonder what would have happened to the socialist movement if their great prophet, Karl Marx, had pursued his investigations into commerce and industry in this country instead of in England. Instead of meeting the dull, slavish acceptance of conditions forced upon workers who had just emerged from a state of agricultural semi-serfdom, he would have had to jump around to keep up with the adventurous spirits who tried job after job until they found their great opportunity in the haphazard development of that day. Of course as an industrial nation we then loomed small, but industry is only a part of business, and a part that could never exist without agriculture, mining, commerce and finance. The socialist movement was an outgrowth of the industrial revolution in England where a society long accustomed to class divisions had to form out of its membership another class to do the work of the mine and factory. England then was class conscious, much so. Karl Marx, unmindful of its true nature and history, assumed that all employers and employees must be likewise forever and everywhere class conscious. He saw a *part* of social economics and wrote as if it were the *whole.*

In contrast we have with us today those naïve merchants who talk forever of *Service* as if it were the whole of *their* business, when everybody knows that it is but a *part* along with profits and losses.

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Service is a very essential part of business, in fact an obligation, just as honor is upon a gentleman, or virtue in a lady, and like those golden qualities it shines brightest when least talked about and oftenest practiced. Without doubt those business clubs—Rotary, Kiwanis, Exchange, Lion and others—are rendering a most worthy service toward keeping alive the general business conscience—but though their members may be deeply religious men, their code of ethics cannot have the force of religious symmetry for profit and sacrifice cannot coexist. It must be remembered that the Golden Rule is only a *part* of the Gospel.

—7—

Within the æons of man's sojourn upon this planet, that period of time since the birth of this Republic seems but a moment of life; yet it has covered such a radical change in man's opportunities for acquisition and varied the motives for preservation as if it were a world newly born.

Man, however, is organically and instinctively the same. We are still an "acquisitive society." The 42,000,000 workers counted by the census takers of 1920 were just as active in acquiring the wherewithal to a living, providing for the future and creating envy within the hearts of their fellows as those good men of 1776 or of the æons ago.

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The framers of the Constitution were objectively minded business men as James Madison, the official reporter of the Convention, bore testimony. "The delegates to Annapolis and later to Philadelphia," he said in a speech after he became President, "were brought together in response to the demands of the business men of the country, not to form an ideal plan of government, but such a practical plan as would serve the business needs of the country." [1] The economic basis of our history is very obvious because the Constitution is *telic* while the Common Law of England, upon which their political and economic structure stands, is *genetic*—ours was built up out of hand from the accumulated wisdom of that day, while theirs was, and is, a matter of growth. The British Empire and other nations have emerged but slowly into economic consciousness, while we started out as a practical business nation. American history starts in Europe. The roots of our original political and economic tree received nutriment from the sun of the Mediterranean and the snows of the Grampians; yet through the instrumentality of a written Constitution "to serve" as Madison so well puts, "the *business* needs of the country," we were able to uproot ourselves and start an entirely new growth—a new birth with all the

[1] McMasters: *The Acquisition of the Political, Social, and Industrial Rights of Man in America*, p. 27.

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advantages gained from the accumulated wisdom of centuries of trial and error.

At the time of the discovery of America, a new social class was striving for power in Europe:—the traders; and within a few years they were sitting behind the thrones of kings, where priests, knights and astrologers, had stood for centuries. The invention of gunpowder put the knight out of business; the printing press took away from the clergy the monopoly of learning, and the mariner's compass opened up the ocean for the adventurer, setting the star of Possibility upon the rim of an ever widening horizon; and out of it all, this Republic arose as the creation of the objective thought of men who had lost sight of old landmarks, geographical, political, social and economic.

Everywhere our fathers proceeded by *part*. The powers of government were neatly divided up into three compartments—the executive, the judicial and the legislative; and they proceeded westward *part* by *part*, territory by territory, to carve out a Nation. Our growth has been supremely objective and self-conscious, and out of that has come our genius for organization.

Organization is ever a matter of thought—intelligence—in which feeling other than enthusiasm can only serve to clog up, hold back, or sidetrack. Enthusiasm

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is the peculiar expression of the American spirit, and with that we have conquered, though it ever reveals us to the older eyes of Europe as a nation of boasters, self-conscious performers, and naïve preachers.

Subsequent to the early nineties, with the completion of trans-continental transportation and the harnessing of electricity to industry, we started upon the present period of aggregation of capital, specialization of labor, standardization of parts, and mass production, which has astounded the world as well as ourselves; but it was the quality of our late-in-the-day war preformance that completely revealed the power of our objective thought to the world; and, as a consequence, it is not difficult to see world-wide political and economic adjustments in approximation to our systems. Awkward, and scarcely recognizable, though some of these adaptations are bound to be, especially to our more "sentimental" of politicians, they are discernible. The dictatorships of Ghazi Mustapha Kemal, in Turkey, of Mussolini in Italy, of Primo de Rivera in Spain, of Clemenceau in France, of Lloyd George in England were, and are, just bald imitations of the dictatorship allowed by our Constitution to late President Wilson. Far more significant: there are those, among the more serious thinkers abroad, who vision the outcome of our objective economic grappling with natural forces, as a glowing promise of a Greater Day for mankind—"The rest of the

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world is being rapidly shaped to the standard pattern of life enjoyed and suffered by these conquerors of matter," says Jacob Kaye.

The glory of ancient Greece was based upon the work of slaves, for philosophers and scientists, and leaders of man had to be free of labor. "The growing portion of a trunk of a tree and the crowning glory of vegetative creation—the flower—strive for light and air. But without the trunk, with its crinkled perforated exterior the trees would not grow towards the heavens and the flower would not bloom. . . . And likewise, the greatness of a state is judged by the intensity with which it seeks after spiritual worth; and those who give direction, fire and uplift to these heterogeneous longings of the human heart are the true seekers after knowledge." [1]

For the true spiritual and scientific growth of a commonwealth leisure must be found for its seekers after truth, and its directors. In ancient times this leisure was wrung from the labor of slaves, helots, villeins, and oppressed workers, and on that basis every man here may be a seeker for truth and a scientist, for every man here has thirty mechanical slaves, while Greece at the height of her glory could only count five slaves per family. [2]

[1] Jacob Kaye; *Psyche*, Vol. 22, *Art, Natural Science and Speculative Philosophy* (Kegan Paul Trench Trubner & Co. Ltd. London.)

[2] "The use of energy materials gives to each man, woman and child in this country the equivalent of 30 servants."—Stuart Chase: *Tragedy of Waste*, p. 22; quoting C. G. Gilbert and J. E. Pogue in *America's Power Resources* (Century Co.).

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—8—

All that said, it is for us Americans to see the other side, the glaring defects of our political and social economy: wastes of distribution; shoddiness, adulteration and super-elaboration of production; complacences of finance; in short, the accumulation of *illth* as Ruskin used to call dispersion of wealth.

A new school of research men and writers has arisen to do doughty work toward enlightening the public of these maladjustments of our social and economic body, among whom I might mention Mr. Stuart Chase and his associates of the Labor Bureau. My point is that with our intensive objective thought—our acceptance of a part of a thing as the Whole—our obsession of enthusiasm for our own particular specialty—*we are on the way to see those thirty mechanical slaves of ours, in the contrasting rôle of MASTERS.*

"America, is a nation of economic illiterates," said the great financier Frank A. Vanderlip, at a conference of educators and business men from every State in the Union. That is not to say, that a merchant does not know his business, that a banker is ignorant of banking theory and practice, that a railroad executive does not know every detail of the finance, traffic and maintenance of his system, or that an advertising man does not know

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his stuff. In fact, the trouble arises in these men knowing their own particular *parts* of business so well that it occupies their minds as a *Whole*. They know their parts, but do not realize the relation of their Parts to the Whole of business.

Business might well be called the oldest of the arts and the newest of sciences. Economics with its related subjects of sociology, ethics and psychology covers human relations, and upon the road to an understanding of relations, humanity must travel for progress. The aim of all legitimate business is service, for profit, at a risk; not a whit less noble than the profession of teaching, preaching, law, medicine, or investigation into natural phenomena; but infinitely more useful in improving relations between men and men and nation and nation. We all may differ in religious belief, medical theory, fiat of law, or scientific guess, but we can all agree to live under the Constitution which as Madison declared had a business motive. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Business is the servant of all the trades and professions. Maurice Maeterlinck said that one bee could never make honey; and I say that no one man may ever do business. Like individual bees the chemist, the engineer, the preacher, the doctor, the farmer, the newsboy, the sailor, all, go out upon their rounds of duty; and like the Spirit of the Hive which

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guides the bee to flower and flower, the Spirit of Business guides humanity to organization, accomplishment, and peaceful relations.

There is both a philosophy and a science of business and the sooner American business men discover them, the better we may cope with waste of production, distribution and finance; the more certain is fulfilment of the dream of the rest of the world that this nation lead in ushering in the Greater Day.

—9—

Objective thought has but one prejudice: self-preservation—in other words, the animal part of men demanding its right to live. Today self-preservation is crystallized into the habit of acquisition. We all build hypotheses and assume cause to effect; then stand ready to defend them to the last ditch. No matter how fair we may desire to be; no matter how deep our sympathy for the other fellow, old man Intelligence has got us by the vitals. We will preserve ourselves. We will do more. We will be driven by the habit of acquisition long after preservation has been taken care of, going through the motions and accumulating, like old dog Tray, bones, that are forgotten because never needed. In the office our bodies become molded to every convolu-

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tion of our own particular chair, and *rôled* to a certain measure of dignity and importance, our every unconscious effort and wish is set to one end: to stay there. Is it not true that just as with good old Tray with a bone he cannot eat, and another dog in the offing, we will obey the law of preservation by digging in a little deeper?

How well we all know without the need of a moment's thought, the folly of arguing with a man when his living is at stake. On the same basis, is it all too much to find justification for the acts of even Torquemada, in his zeal to preserve the church? And may we not have a little more patience with the scientific specialist who sees red the moment his "field" is invaded? Let us no more account it piffle, bunk nor hokum, that zeal which can make of the anatomy of a bug's left wing a cause as inspiring as the search for the Holy Grail.

The heart of man is right, but he is the slave of his *parts*—his claws, tools, theories and plans. He conceives a theory, a plan of life and attributes to it totality. It is the whole thing with him just as the trail and the scent of the prey is the whole thing for a predatory animal.

That the taking in by *parts* tends to automatism—rigidity of thought—Bacon affirmed many years ago in the following words:

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"The human understanding, when any proposition has been laid down (either from general admission or belief, or from the pleasure which it affords) forces everything else to add fresh support and confirmation; and although most cogent and abundant instances may exist to the contrary; yet either does not observe, or despises them, or gets rid of and rejects them by some destruction with violent and injurious prejudice, rather than sacrifice the authority of its first conclusion." [1]

—10—

Enthusiasm without imagination tends to make a man a crank, an automatist, a man with a "fixed" idea—the comic character of the literature and drama of the world. At every opportunity the poets of old, the present-day story-writers and playwrights, have exposed to ridicule the antics of the interested objective figure. The pushful, the theorists, the man who takes himself too seriously, the half-cocked, stands limned by the literature of Comedy as walking with his eyes to the stars (his own ideas) and, as stumbling against a stone, the symmetrical sense of things—reality. From Epicharmus to Ellis Parker Butler this automatism has been pointed out, ridiculed, and laughed away.

I will now go to O. Henry for dramatic support.

[1] Bacon: *Novum Organum*, Book I, Aph. 46.

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—11—

Abridgment:

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF [1]

By O. Henry

"It looked like a good thing." Bill Driscoll and me were down in Alabama when Bill got this kidnapping idea. Our joint capital amounted to six hundred dollars, and we wanted two thousand more to pull off a "fraudulent town lot scheme in Western Illinois." This town of Summit offered every advantage and no drawbacks to the success of our scheme. "It looked good." The only child of Ebenezer Dorset, a "mortgage fancier" and "collection plate passer" was selected as victim. The boy was about ten years old, freckled and red-headed. It looked like he would be good for two thousand dollars. We stored our provisions in a cave upon a neighboring mountain; then drove into town for our victim. He was on the street throwing rocks at a kitten and when Bill asked him if he would like some candy he put a piece of brick into Bill's eye. "That will cost the old man an extra five hundred," says Bill. Though the boy put up a fight we got him away to the cave upon the mountain. When I got back after returning the

[1] *By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.*

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buggy, I found Bill all scratched and bruised, and the kid having the time of his life, playing Indian. Bill was Old Hank, the trapper, Red Chief's captive to be scalped at daybreak, and I was Snake-eye the Spy. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start. I asked the kid if he would like to go home, and he begged me not to take him back. "Not right away," I promised him. We went to bed about eleven o'clock, and he kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching, "Hist! pard," into Bill's ear.

"At daybreak I was awakened by a series of screams from Bill"—indecent, terrifying, women's screams. It was an awful thing to hear. I jumped and saw Red Chief "sitting on Bill's chest with one hand twisted in Bill's hair" and with the other he was actually trying to scalp him with the bacon knife. I got the knife away from the kid, and we lay down; but from that moment Bill was a broken man. I tried to doze off, but always remembered that I was to be scalped at daybreak. Bill couldn't sleep either. "You're afraid," says Bill to me. I left him and the kid to cook breakfast while I went up to the top of the hill to reconnoitre. If I had ever fancied that the boy would ever be missed or that there would be the least ripple in the air of the village down there, I must have been crazy. Not a thing stirred below. When I got back to the cave I found the boy

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trying to murder Bill with a rock. "He put a red hot potato down my back," explained Bill, then asked: "Have you got a gun, Sam?" I patched things up, but the kid threatened Bill with worse as he pulled out a sling and walked away. "Think he's going to run away, Sam?" Bill asks. Just then came a warhoop and there was the kid swinging this sling around his head. I dodged, and heard a kind of sigh from Bill that showed that he was hit hard. He fell into the fire across the hot water, and I dragged him out and poured cold water over him for half an hour. "You won't leave me alone, Sam, will you?" Bill pleaded. I went over and shook the kid; and told him I'd take him home if he didn't behave. He promised to behave, so I made him and Bill shake; then I wrote a letter and took it down to the village. Instead of asking the old man for two thousand ransom I cut it down to fifteen hundred to please Bill. After I posted the letter I came back but the kid and Bill were nowhere to be found. "In about an hour I heard the bushes rustle" and Bill wabbled in. "Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face." Bill stopped and mopped his brow, the kid stopped eight feet behind him. "Sam" says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. The boy is gone, I sent him home. I tried to be faithful but there's a limit . . . but he's

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gone—gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there. . . . I'm sorry we'll lose the ransom but——"

I told him to look around, and he fell to the ground after which I had to watch for an hour for fear he would go crazy. I decided to settle things up right away and went down to the tree I had named to the father, at the appointed time. Exactly on time the messenger arrives with a letter from old man Dorset. He said we were high and that he would make us a counter proposition. It was this: we take the kid home and pay him two hundred and fifty in cash for to have him taken off our hands. Of all the impudence, but, "Sam," says Bill, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars after all? We have the money."

So we took him home to the old man's front gate and Bill counted the two hundred and fifty into Dorset's hand. "When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a yowl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually. . . ."

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

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Of course, the business ethics of Bill and Sam cannot be condoned by us, not for one minute; yet, far be it

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from me to call the police or to call them fools, for they ran true to rule-of-thumb business form. The *part* of the subject of their thought was "ransom"; and, in their enthusiasm "boy" was given the symmetry of totality, everything. According to law, however, it was just *part-ner*ship—another *part*—"father." Intelligent? Why, they were intelligent to the last degree!

Of stories with a similiar theme there are many. A few of which I list below:

Bum's Rush, by Ellis Parker Butler
The Red Headed League, by Sir A. Conan Doyle
Winnie and the Wolves, by Bertram Atkey
Picoron, by Perceval Gibbon
The Lost Blend, by O. Henry
The Comedies of Molière and most of the Bedroom Farces of Today.

—13—

Like the flicker from a lighted match in the dark come those brief periods of awareness that make up conscious and objective thought. "Attention!" Thus might the watchword of civilization be proclaimed. In an ordinary state of "diffuse" consciousness we see things without noticing them, we hear sounds without understanding them, things touch us without our feeling them:

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but when we *attend* only one thing is before our consciousness. Attention then is an intensified form of consciousness. The meaning of the two Latin derivatives *ad* and *tendere* is *to stretch*, so when we attend we really stretch our minds toward that one thing. Attention is not a faculty of mind but a condition. It can give us *distinct* feelings, and *deliberate* volitions as well as *clear* thoughts.

It is toward an extension of those moments of attention that education busies itself: and great stress has been put upon "concentration" by educators; when it is perfectly obvious that the five senses from which all thought springs cannot be concentrated. *Mind wandering is the most natural thing in the world, and, if interest insures a constant recurrence of attention after each spell of feeling, the way to arrive at truth.* It will sooner or later find the symmetry of the subject in which one is *interested.* Why? Because interest leads to trial—and error. Trial and error—*part* after *part*—until the whole, the end, the symmetry is relatively attained.

No trial and error is possible without feeling, remembering, imaging! No solution that thought seeks is possible without imagination. Ladd says of imagination: "By it one puts oneself on the other side of the tree yonder, and so completes a picture of the object as having a far side as well as a near side. Only by it does one enter the arena of past histories, understand and

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enjoy biographies, comprehend and sympathize with one's fellowmen. *Thus the child learns to play his part upon life's stage by practising in anticipation with an almost limitless variety of imaged circumstances.*" [1]

—14—

For objective thought there must of course, be interest. Without interest there could be no reason for thought. With this interest then, attention is directed to an object through, say, the sense of sight. We try to concentrate all our forces of mentation upon this object. We can only *see* it. One sense held down by attention with five others—counting the *kinesthetic*—left free to cavort around, and flirt with anything to which they may find affinity. That kind of concentration persevered in, will lead to fixation of attention and a mild state of hypnosis; just the opposite effect of one's intention.

You *see* this page, you *feel* this page, you *hear* the sound of the page turning. Do you *know* that page? Before you answer, read the following by William James:

"Now that I am writing it is essential that I conceive my paper as a surface for inscription. If I failed to do that I would have to stop my work. But if I wished to light a fire

[1] Ladd: *Psychology Descriptive and Explanatory*, p. 415. (Scribner's.)

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and no other material were by, the essential way of conceiving the paper would be as combustible material; and I need then have no thought of any of its other destinations. It is really all that it is: a combustible, a writing surface, a thin thing, a hydrocarbonaceous thing, a thing eight inches one way and ten another, a thing just one furlong east of a certain stone in my neighbor's field, an American thing, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*." [1]

Now answer! You were conscious of every activity while in perceiving this page, out of which the processes of mentation built an *image of the page*. It is to be seen now that while a page is a page, there is a *different* image of it in every man's brain who sees it. What makes those differences? Individual interest! Man thinks in accordance with his interests. *To think clearly is to have a clearly defined interest so that the parts of the subject fall toward one in orderly relation by partner. The wider one's interest, the broader one's thinking.*

Reading is perhaps the best means by which one may widen his field of interests. Though books cannot give what experience can show, they can clarify, enrich and enlarge one's outlook on life. The world one lives in today, is the world created out of the past experience of other men, and without an understanding of the past, one cannot live truly a life of the present. Books are a

[1] James: *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II, p. 332.

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record of the past. It is true as Jesse Lee Bennett has pointed out that the "best educated in the sense of being not merely well informed but in the truer sense of having knowledge and thought as a vital part of their daily lives —are found to be self-educated whether or not they have had much formal education." [1]

Self-education is largely book-education.

Of lists of best books, there are many and various; but they all may be ignored for one, the *next* book to be read. Its subject should be at the point of one's present and most special interest and purpose to be followed by others in ever-widening circles like ripples that flow at the impact of a stone upon the surface of a pool.

[1] Bennett: *What books can do for you*, p. 18 (George H. Doran Co.)

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SUCCESSION AND CONTIGUITY

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Today we are in danger of doctrinaire systems in mental science. Claims are being set up for the one and only way to psychological salvation, particularly in reference to the powers of the subconscious.

—T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.

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CHAPTER V

SUCCESSION AND CONTIGUITY

—1—

UP to now, we have been paying our respects largely to the god of "things as they are," and we will remain bowed a little longer in that direction. First, you will remember, we came into our knowledge of a *rôle* through living it. Second, we found the actuality of things by sensing their *conditions*. Third, through the outward five senses we gathered the *parts* of things and found nothing but *partners*. Thus, we arrived at conclusions as to the truth of "what is."

Little was said about logic, because much was not at all necessary. The day of splitting hairs—thinking for thinking's sake, has gone. Not a thousand years ago there was held a great council of the learned men of Europe; men skilled in logic and devoted to their mission of enlightening the world. One, if not the most momentuous of their sessions, was given up to the discussion of the possible number of angels that might be able to stand upon the point of a needle. They were serious, educated, and devoted men for whom today we

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must hold the deepest veneration, but it all happened a thousand years ago. Much rain has fallen from heaven, and many words have been written since that strenuous day between the medieval logicians yet the same rules of logic are supposed to regulate thought to-day.

The self-evidences of logic: *whatever is, is,* etc., are not absolute, stationary, immutable. All things before our senses are forever changing in *succession.* To the investigations of science nature has always revealed life as coming from pre-existing life. Both material causation and the processes of logic that try to circumscribe it cannot be conceived except in *succession.* Whatever is, *is becoming*—something else. The attempt to link ideas in categories by logic is just an effort of the ancient scholastic mind to tie other minds to a slavish acceptance of particular theories or formulæ. What sane man reasons about what he knows? If he does not know, his present sense perceptions, his remembered past sense perceptions, and his imaginative survey of future *succession* will advise him. Logic, it might be advanced could then check up the result, that is, confirm knowledge; but when we find out that the ultimate authority behind logistic forms is an assumption, a mere guess, we are back at the point where we started. Is it not true that we never reason except when we desire to make ourselves believe we know,

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when we know that we do not know? If your answer must be in the negative, please forbear for a chapter or two.

—2—

Human thinking is a natural process—a matter of causation. This question of causation has been for ages the riddle of the universe. Ancient Hafiz voiced the inquiring mind of the people who had gone before him, in that couplet:—

> What without asking, hither hurried whence?
> And, without asking, whither hurried hence?

And today the conception of creation stops at the Word of God or the "formless mist" of the evolutionist. "Cause and effect" seem sane words until we see a particular effect become an immediate cause of another effect. All we may do in this matter of causation is to name life, living, nature, consciousness, thought, as *Succession.* Day succeeds night, and night succeeds day, sleep succeeds fatigue and truth succeeds evidence. That's experience. That is the truth of "what is." We might labor for months on a study of works written on logic, thinking, reasoning, and so forth. We might learn to classify—which is a good thing to do—we might learn to make allowance for uncertain factors, we might be clever in detecting analogies, and in testing the truth

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of mere suppositions, but through it all, we would inevitably *perform* strictly in accordance with nature's law of *Succession*. To illustrate I offer an abridgment of one of the finest short stories written in the past decade.

—3—

Abridgment:—

WHERE WAS WYCH STREET? [1]

By Stacy Aumonier

In a public house down Wapping way "four men and a woman were drinking beer and discussing diseases." At a certain point, the morbid conversation took a peculiar turn. The woman recalled an aunt who had died from eating canned lobster in Wych street. "Where was Wych street?" one asked of her. She declared that it lay where the new Kingsway cut across to the Strand. One of the men disagreed with her, and named another location. After a few warm words they appealed to the man behind the bar but he was just as positive that it lay in another and different direction. "Before any agreement could be arrived at, three men entered the bar," and they were recognized as a bad and criminal lot. The woman knowing one of them, appealed to him for confirmation of the location she had mentioned; but

[1] *Saturday Evening Post: By permission of the author.*

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he disagreed with her and named his own, an entirely different place. High words followed and despite the admonitory efforts of the man behind the bar, a fight ensued. "In three minutes the bar was in a complete state of pandemonium." The bar man ran to the door and whistled for the police. Two policemen appeared; and one was immediately laid low by a kick on the knee-cap; while the more desperate men escaped into the dark alleys followed by a hue and cry. They were "wanted" men, and both knew that capture meant a hanging job. The chase was hot and they were compelled to seek shelter in an empty house in Aztec street. Here they made a round of the premises and prepared to barricade themselves in. They had a loaf, a small piece of mutton, a bottle of pickles, and three bottles of whiskey; and they had an old twelve bore gun and a box of cartridges. "There began the notorious siege of Aztec street" noted in the criminal annals of London. It lasted three days and four nights. Three policemen were shot. "The military was requisitioned." Pickets, scouts, and snipers were placed at vantage points, and a cabinet minister came down to direct operations. Poison gas was the last and successful resort. The body of one outlaw was never recovered, and the other was found near the front door with a hole in his chest. That was not the end, for a quantity of petrol that had been stored in the basement of the house had been disposed at

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various places upon the premises, and fired; and the flames spread to neighboring buildings resulting in destruction to the cost of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds!

"At the inquiry held under Chief Justice Pengammon various odd, interesting facts were revealed. Mr. Lowes-Parlby, the brilliant K. C. distinguished himself by his searching cross-examination of many witnesses" during which the woman involved told of the argument about Wych street. At the mention of that name His Lordship was instantly interested. "Wych street?" he asked, "you mean the narrow old street that used to run across the site of what is now the Gaiety Theatre?"

"Yes, my Lord," Mr. Lowes-Parlby smiled, "though if I may be allowed to qualify your Lordship's description of the locality—may I suggest that it was a little further east——"

The witness still had her original version, but His Lordship ignored her and turned peevishly upon the brilliant young lawyer to "think it hardly necessary for you to contradict me."

"The counsel bowed. It was not his place to dispute with a chief justice." But another eminent and elderly lawyer dared to rise, and challenge the memory of His Lordship, recounting part surveys, and naming another location, different to everyone voiced, so far. The

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young lawyer arose to challenge the latest version but His Lordship decided to proceed with the case. A tang of bitterness hung over the case, and young Mr. Lowes-Parlby was never himself again. Nothing need be said about the findings of the case, and in a few weeks time the great Aztec siege passed into memory; but "to Lowes-Parlby the little dispute with the Chief Justice Pengammon rankled unreasonably." It was humiliating to be publicly snubbed when one knew that he was right. Lowes-Parlby always investigated and always scored, and everything came his way. He had a most brilliant career before him. An only son of a distinguished lawyer, and of scholastic attainment, the world expected much from him. He was engaged to Lady Adela Charters, daughter of Lord Vermeer, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. "There was nothing missing in the life of Francis Lowes-Parlby, K. C."

"One of the most regular and most absorbed spectators of the Aztec street inquiry was old Stephen Garrit." He was no lawyer himself but a friend of judges, a counsellor of counsellors without interest or passion except it be for the laws of evidence, a "living epitome of judicial lore." After the inquiry was over he went down to the London survey office to examine maps; then he spent much time to pottering around the Strand, Kingsway, and Aldwych. His results he entered in a

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little book. In another book he wrote: "The basic trouble is that people make statements without sufficient data."

Old Stephen happened to attend a dinner given by Lord Vermeer—"a small party with a motive behind it." The principal guest was Mr. Sandeman, the London agent of an Eastern potentate, and Lord Vermeer was very anxious to impress him. It meant much to the foreign policy of the Empire. Among those present were Mr. Lowes-Parlby the prospective husband of Lady Adela, the daughter of the host. "The dinner was a great success." The ladies were gracious, Lord Vermeer steered matters with much wisdom; Lowes-Parlby was cheerful, and the guest of honor was allowed to show himself off to advantage. Only old Stephen Garrit was silent. After dinner the guests were shown into the smoking room for a brief interlude and here occurred an alarming incident. "Mr. Sandeman had dined well and he was in a mood to dazzle with his varied knowledge and experience." He talked of many cities and old landmarks, and all listened attentively until Lowes-Parlby broached the subject of the recent Aztec street inquiry and the dispute about the location of Wych street. Lord Vermeer thought it was a "perfectly absurd discussion." When asked if he knew where it was, he mentioned a location no one had thought about; then before

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Lowes-Parlby could correct him Mr. Sandeman broke in with his "supercilious oily voice." He knew his Paris, Vienna, and Lisbon, every brick; and he knew his London too. As a student he used to walk down Wych street every day, and it ran parallel to Oxford street on the south side, just between it and Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Both Lord Vermeer and Mr. Sandeman were a long way off the mark and the latter's assurance infuriated Lowes-Parlby. He didn't like the man. He had not forgotten his snubbing by the Chief Justice Pengammon, but he knew he was right. "Damn Wych street!" He turned on Mr. Sandeman. The effect of the whole dinner was ruined. Lord Vermeer was beside himself with rage and chagrin.

After Mr. Sandeman had gone, Lord Vermeer asked Lowes-Parlby to go after him and apologize, or be forbidden to see Adela again, and risk the displeasure of men in high places to the very ruin of his career. Lowes-Parlby went home to think. He must apologize, yet knew that he was right. "The fundamental purposes of his being were to be tested." And it was so absurdly trivial. Here was a man most fortunate with brains, health, a career, and engaged to—"the pretty daughter of the Foreign Minister, himself a millionaire"—but he was right about that street! He thought long and deeply and wrote his letter of apology. Having done

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that he tried to sleep—then Conscience came to sit with him. The issues of truth were before him. At three in the morning he arose to tear the letter up. . . .

"Three weeks later old Stephen Garrit lunched with the Lord Chief Justice." It was an austere luncheon filled with calm discussion of many points of law. His Lordship had been impressed with a recent misinterpretation, and old Stephen Garrit voiced a kindred feeling of annoyance as he ventured to instance the folly of affirmation without due evidence, citing the case of the brilliant Lowes-Parlby and the consequent ruin of a promising career. And he asked the Lord Chief Justice if he too remembered Wych street. His Lordship did; and he sketched a plan upon the table cloth.

"Stephen adjusted his glasses and carefully examined the plan. He took a long time to do this and when he had finished his hand instinctively went toward a breast pocket where he kept a notebook with little squared pages. Then he stopped and sighed. After all, why argue with the law? . . . even the plan of the Lord Chief Justice was a quarter of a mile out, but still an excellent, a wonderful thing. . . ."

"Do you remember it?" said the Lord Chief Justice.

"Stephen nodded sagely, and his voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"Yes, I remember it, my Lord. It was a melancholy little street."

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—4—

Old Stephen Garrit was a man with a mind richly endowed by nature, and trained to observe, deduce, reflect, and reason in accordance with the rules of logic. In Stacy Aumonier's rich gallery of characters, he was apparently the only sane one: wiser than a Lord Chief Justice, more balanced than a foreign minister, and more tireless in his search for evidence than a much younger and more brilliant *confrère*. Perhaps his mind backed and filled as he tried to reason according to the rules, but it went along the natural way of succession. He saw: dislocation—*succession*—record as the truth of the matter. Quite a common-sense conclusion; and apparently one that a person would not care to challenge.

By all the laws of evidence, by all the facts in the case, concretely, he was right. There could be no doubt about it. It was so sure as night follows day—yet, as he examined that drawing upon the table cloth, then looked up into the eyes of his old friend, a strange flow and glow of feeling made his heart beat a little faster and the "cool light" of reason paled before the warm sunlight of imagination. Another and a deeper truth than "*what is, is*" stood revealed to him—the truth upon which friendship, fellowship, all societies of men, must exist: the truth of "what ought to be." He was

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called upon as all men, who have the intuition that binds together groups for mutual protection and helpfulness, are called upon, to make: a sacrifice of pride and prejudice. He was not called upon to lie, but to withhold, in order that his old friend might not be angered and humiliated. He had met the law of ideation: *Contiguity;* and found wisdom.

—5—

It is highly important that we get at the root of this matter of human contiguity.

Bacon in his forty-fifth aphorism of Book 1, *Novum Organum,* tells us: "The human understanding is of its nature prone to suppose the existence of more order and regularity in the world than it finds." If that be true then all scientific analyses, all flights of imagination, in fact all ideational processes, are subject to law. What is the nature of this human "proneness to suppose"?

Bacon, himself, saw the world elementally as water, earth and air—in three parts; while the latest book on anthropology declares there are but three kinds of living things, bacteria, plants and animals; the oldest Scriptures,—the Indian—declare that there are but three ways whereby man may reach union with God; while a man across the street is building a house to the three

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dimensions. Whether it be of coincidence or consequence—analysis or synthesis,—the Greeks saw the three principle values: the good, the beautiful, and the true; just as artists of today recognize the three sensuous elements of regularity, symmetry, and harmony. If science or knowledge is the result of human experience, tested and set in order, how can it be understood or communicated except through its three processes of induction, deduction, illation? Can science square the triangle of the syllogism? Can art add to the three primary colors, or vary the concave, the convex, and the straight line? With all the clinical work and theorizing of the psychologists can they present their cases in other ways than by the three-way order of human understanding? The answer is "No." The point I desire to make here, is, that this "Mind and Body Indivisible," offered by psychologists as the *whole* of man, the *only* of man, available for analyses, is only two sides of the triangle necessary for the psychic satisfaction of their readers, students or patients—call the third side whatsoever they please. To me, the third factor to the necessary equation is perfectly obvious. Between men and men there have always been, and always will be, relations. Human existence is human *co*-existence, and in that every man performs in a *rôle*. And that relation is oftener than not the most pregnant factor in analyses of human behavior.

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—6—

A man is a man to himself; to others he is a *Performer*. He is never called a "man" unless he has *performed* as a man *ought to* perform according to the standards of his fellowship in *contiguity*.

All men must live in *contiguity* (intimate association or relation) with others. Out of this intimate association or relation comes the primal incentive to behavior. That incentive is *Interest*. What is interest? The etymology of the term, *inter esse*, to be between, points to something which binds together, something in which each man may claim a share. As quoted by Kitson, "Interest is the recognition of a thing which has been vitally connected with experience before." It is born of tradition and preserved in memory.

The interests of men may be as varied as their rôles, but no more so. A man is interested in the country of his birth and performs according to his lights; he is interested in business, in a church, a family, a club, a hobby, and towards each he duly performs in a rôle in which his fellows may know him.

Contiguity breeds interest, but only under the limitations of time and place. Two enemies upon a desert island may have a mutual interest in keeping each other alive; but after being rescued and placed in the bosom of

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a wide community, thus breaking the thread of their interdependence, they can once more perform as enemies. On the desert island "ought to be a friend" ideated both men; but at another time and in another place the mutual interest was melted down into the wider attitude of a disinterested world.

Contiguity as a breeder of interest expressed in such phrases as "getting under his skin" has always been a popular practice. The directors of clubs, colleges, and philanthropic institutions seem to have acquired a wonderful technique along these lines as we may see whenever they "choose as members of the Board of Directors persons in whom they wish particularly to arouse interest. The victim is first elected a member of the Board then he is placed on an important committee like Ways and Means. In trying to solve the problem of the exchequer he becomes more and more deeply interested, finally making the financial contribution that everyone hoped he would make." [1]

—7—

To persons in contiguity—shipwrecked mariners on a raft at sea; a circle of nice ladies at a sewing bee; a gang of thieves; a clique of financiers in a board room;

[1] Kitson: *The Psychology of Vocational Adjustment*, p. 26. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.)

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a couple of friends; a pair of lovers; a family—there must be an unwritten law of *what ought to be.* Human relations would be impossible without such.

It can be seen that a feeling of obligation of "oughtness" is the essential basis of Moral Law. But mark when men are out of contiguity (in other places and at other times) away from their group, circle or family interests, how the law that governs relations must be transformed into *what must be*—the law of the land.

Now we may see a law of what ought to be, for every group of men with a special interest, and we see it vary by time and place. "What ought to be" at Atlantic City is to some, I hear, rather different to "what ought to be" in their home town; then, "what ought to be" long ago would not do with us today.

Behind all is the "must be" of the law.

It is force which resolves the "what ought to be of the majority" into the "what must be" for the minority. There is a divine right of a majority, as there was a divine right of kings. This principle of democracy was not born of a "certain mystical sense of equality" as at least one of our *intelligentzia* sets up in order to knock down again to the attainment of symmetry of his theme. It was born of necessity. The force behind the rule of the majority is the force of circumstances: not necessarily numbers, for all men do not vote or fight, or think with interest. The essence of those circumstances is

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contiguity. A number of men with mutual interests (in contiguity) are the "majority." They impose their will upon other groups, possibly more numerous and more rich but lacking *contiguity*. Years ago the imposition was by force of arms. It is done by other more complicated, but less bloody and brutal means. The divine right of a majority is really the divine right of public interest.

It seems that only in time of war can we as a nation arise to unity of interest, when all the law then known is that of "what ought to be."

—8—

Whenever a man steps out of the narrow *contiguity* with his mother, his sense of "what ought to be" comes into conflict with another's "what ought to be"; perhaps of his father, his brother, the chief or the priest; and they possessing greater power than he, resolve their own what ought to be into a *must* be for him. It is so today. In our ignorance we necessarily have to adjust ourselves to Authorities. Authority is of the past, and it lays its hands upon us in infancy when the substance of brain is most plastic, when the strands and switches of our kinesthetic system are fresh and pliable, when our senses are vibrant to every new impression. The Tradition of the Superior Past is no myth. Anything learned in childhood is fixed by the simple physiological law that

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impressions first received are keenest, and the education of the young is forever in the hands of the elders.

Out of the past, with tradition, came music, and that heavenly accompaniment is perhaps our most sympathetic Authority. It is the emotional experience of our race; the truest history, because of the heart. Music is a clarion call to "what ought to be"—a call from the living spirits of the past to those listeners of a day upon whom must rest the responsibility of keeping the faith. What cannot music do with the hearts of men? I could fill volumes with the story, but will be content to quote John Philip Sousa: "I signalled to the band and we launched into Dixie. It was like an electric shock. A rebel yell, starting on the grand stand, went booming down the street back and forth through the surging crowd . . . !" And behind music stands the monument of national history, and the altar of a mother's religion.

—9—

Alexander Bain once said that the first attitude of the primitive mind was blind confidence. That attitude today is the peculiar inheritance of those of us who are so prone to the worship of concrete things, especially of printed things. What is that magic of ideation that makes of a word a thing which can transmute to its message all the concreteness that makes for the verity of "what is," *is?*

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Let us examine just how an abstract idea may be communicated by a symbol. The alphabet and every word in the language are but a sign of something, though time and the art of man have changed particular forms. The letter A does not look very much like an eagle, yet that is what it first represented. Ages ago the picture of a lion was sufficient to communicate the idea of strength, a sceptre represented power, a dove stood for peace, and an anchor for a haven of rest. In days of mythology, the god who opened the year carried keys, and the god who reaped the harvest of death wielded a sickle, and who in his nightly rounds of fate bore a spotted faun skin upon his shoulder to simulate the stars above. The gods of ancient Greece assumed the various forms of animals, birds, fishes, trees, and stones, the forms of which they had the power of changing at will. It all sounds so natural, even today, to speak of a well of life, and it seems so reasonable after watching the four transformations in the life of a butterfly to its apotheosis among the flowers, to accept it as a symbol of immortality. We still speak and write symbolically, not because of the inadequacy of language always, but in order to convey a message more vividly, and concretely. We bury the hatchet, have a whale of a good time, and rob Peter to pay Paul; the age old proverbs still serve us at every verse end; and new tropes and similes are invented at every tap of a typewriter key.

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The Punch and Judy show that amused Hindostan three thousand years ago is played for us everyday by Mutt and Jeff, and a hundred others. The principal character in all mythological tales, renamed in Mediæval times the Wandering Jew—performs for us in the person of Charlie Chaplin. . . . "In the plain of Wandering, consuming his soul and shunning the path of men" but always with a *groschen*, an idea, or a custard pie on hand to defend himself, and "he always left behind a pair of old shoes to confirm his wandering." [1]

The foregoing is all to the good; but the same trick of ideation which enables us to see the abstract in all certitude of concreteness is used by such charlatans as a jerry builder who preys upon our sacred longings for a home; a quack who offers us with glowing words and pictures the blessing of health in a box of pills; the panderers innumerable who play upon our personal vanities and longings with vile songs, suggestive art, sex stories, doped leather for shoes, fashions that change before a garment is used; the parasites who tempt us to profits in which they may share without risk; the tactless who play upon fears of such things as old age, lost vigor, fading beauty, malodors, etc. All under the claim of "what ought to be" because everybody else *is* doing it.

[1] Wolsey: *Symbolic Mythology*, p. 129.

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—10—

"How and why primitive man alone of the Primates developed the faculties of speech and culture remain a profound puzzle," [1] says Dorsey. I, of course cannot offer anything towards the solution of that puzzle, but I do claim that speech gave man a behavior of which he could speak, beside his primitive behavior.

With speech and culture came what the psychoanalysts call "complexes." Kipling said recently that "when man acquired the power of speech the first thing he told was a lie." Be that as it may, man grew up with a behavior he could talk about, and a behavior he could not talk about; consequently individual behavior is only *overt* behavior.

The behavior that we see, fits the social standard of "what ought to be," or the legal standard of "what must be"; the behavior we do not see, is the expression of each one's "letting go" to "what is." Repression is not something done but something not done, just a lack, miss-fire, a disconnection between intellectual or moral sentiment and imagination that leads to high endeavor.

Those people who fancy that there is something in themselves that craves expression but fear to "let go" be-

[1] Dorsey: *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, p. 377 (Harper & Bros.).

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fore others with whom they are in contiguity, more often than not, are lost in ego admiration and glorification. The thing that craves to be "let go" is just elbow grease, perspiration, waste. Folks of today are too prone to take physical exercise on bleachers instead of on the diamond; under parasols instead of upon clay courts; on movie seats instead of in playgrounds and down shady lanes. Physical culture should be tried before psycho-analysis.

This must not be taken as a plea for any "back to nature" movement. Human environment is, and has been, since recorded time, very much of a man-made thing. "Back to nature" is very often the expression of a person who has not paused to draw distinctions, and whose sojourn among sylvan delights is usually very short if such artificial things as books, screens, and good plumbing are lacking. Behavior, be it ever so conditioned to please others, may always be humanly natural. There is nothing artificial in courtesy, or even flattery. Human nature of today is vastly different from human nature of the past decade, and according to the immutable law of succession will be different next week. The men who preach that "human nature cannot be changed" are, more than seldom, the very men who are paid for helping humanity to do that very thing—change human nature. The men who forever prate that "we shall have wars as long as human nature is human nature" are blind

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to the operation of the primal law of *succession* in nature which makes for the evolutionary trend. So far, from the standpoint of ethics, economics, and physics, this trend has been upward and to an extension of consciousness; and the natural law above mentioned will see to its continuance in the same direction. It is to human ideas that we must look for the cause of rivalries, jealousies, and wars of men and nations; and it is to an understanding of the laws of ideation that we must pin our hopes of human betterment.

—11—

Physiologically and psychologically, man has an inheritance of animal propensities, ancestral tendencies, traditions of race and country, religious trend, and personal idiosyncracies. And the average adult, with whom we are chiefly concerned, has accumulated much from experience, such as childhood impressions, impressed beliefs, opinions, the fruit of education and vocational training, acquired habits, and miscellaneous memories. With all this he has a social standard of "what ought to be." So the ideas in such a man's consciousness—which constitute his beliefs—would be linked as images, thus:

evolution—*contiguity*—monkey
red light—*contiguity*—danger

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prohibition—*contiguity*—self-denial
measles—*contiguity*—contagion
friendship—*contiguity*—sacrifice
Kodak—*contiguity*—Eastman

Of records, history tells him what man has done; art, what man has made; literature, what man has felt; religion, what man has believed; philosophy, what man has thought. If he be not a reader he accepts the opinions of those with whom he is in *contiguity*. They are the words of the gods of things as they "ought to be"; but science—the ruler of the concrete, is to him the god of "things as they are."

In the mind of the man in the street science always has stood as the champion of the concrete—the "what is" of life; and religion has always had to stand the odium of standpattism represented in a settled community by the sense of "what ought to be"; but never let it be lost sight of, that the human mind conceives of religion and science by the same identical senses, reflexes and linkage of ideas. Professor C. C. Everett once remarked: "The theory of evolution whether it be true or false, is as truly a creation of mind as the fables of Æsop, where the monkey and the fox talk together. The fable may be more fanciful, the theory may be more imaginative." Scientists with a group consciousness erect for them-

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selves a code and doctrine of "what ought to be" just as readily as ordinary folks, or priests of the church.

—12—

The apparent disproportion in monetary returns for labor expended that has ever vexed the soul of the farmer, and taxed the mind of economists and statesmen who realize that our commercial, industrial and financial structure is in the last analysis based upon agriculture, is ideationally a matter of lack of *contiguity*. Ever lonely and self-reliant the farmer accepted the market reports, prices, railroad rates, etc., as the inevitable happenings of nature—just *succession*. Lacking a sense of "what ought to be" which can only come out of fellowship, his own individual opinion was lost in the traditional grumble. Read the following, clipped from a newspaper (name regretfully forgotten) and note how a poor old darkey farmer must needs accept the works of men as if they were the works of God.

"A little patch of cotton was tended by an ancient colored man who owned a spavined mule. The ancient man paid a third of his crop as rent, and a white man sold him fertilizer to grow his crop. When the cotton was opened the ancient man paid $2.50 to have a bale ginned. Then he sold it to a street buyer, who paid him 28 cents a pound, added a profit, and sold the bale to a broker.

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"The cotton was shipped by truck. The broker added a profit and sold to a cotton mill. The bale was shipped by rail. The mill made the cotton into cloth, added a profit, and sold the cloth to a manufacturer of garments. The cloth was shipped by rail. The manufacturer hired a cutter to fashion a frock and a girl to stitch the seams and affix the buttons. Then he added a profit and sold the frock to a wholesaler. It was carried across town in a truck. The wholesaler placed the garment on a rack, added a profit, and sold it to an out-of-town merchant. It was shipped by express.

"The merchant placed the frock in his window and priced it $9.98, which represented a comfortable profit. The garment in the window represented 98 cents' worth of raw material, $1.36 worth of labor, $2.08 worth of transportation and $5.56 worth of salesmanship.

"It was a nice little frock, but nobody bought it—not because the price was too high, but because everybody had an idea that it couldn't be worth much at that price.

Then the merchant removed it from the window and placed it on a form in a great room that boasted a Persian rug, soft rose lights and three dozen palms. There was a yellow-haired princess to tell patrons about the frock, and the new price tag read $185. Seventeen sweet ladies sighed and wished they could afford it, and the eighteenth bought it after a futile effort to find something more expensive.

"The ancient colored man made a small crop and will begin the next season owing the landlord $36.12 for fat pork and molasses."

The last decade however, has shown a wonderful advance among farmers and particularly horticulturists,

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toward organization, and thanks to radio, the extension of telephone and newspaper service, the popularity of automobile and tractor, we may look for more conscious recognition of their own importance from the men on the land.

Like other classes of men, they have seen the advantages of economic *contiguity*.

—13—

Now for a right performance in *contiguity* with one's fellows, for correct social behavior, what shall be our standard?

What shall we believe in?

What is? But, what is *what is?* A fact? Yes, because a fact is a deed—"something done." Is that all? No, because "something done" is succeeded by consequences.

Old Stephen Garrit reasoned and saw the succession of dislocation—record—truth. He saw the truth of "what is" that is commonly called Reality—the facts of life. It was imagination that told him of the opportunity to perform as the servant of another, a greater truth.

It was imagination that taught the first child its first lesson—*contiguity* with its mother. What if men do differ in belief, they may live in *contiguity*. Because men live in *contiguity* with others at the same time and

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in the same place they know in their hearts just "what ought to be" and it is to be an extension of *contiguity* through improved transportation and communication of ideas we may hope for the salvation of the world.

Below are a few stories that carry this theme of belief:

A Retrieved Reformation, by O. Henry
The Know It All, by Somerset Maughm
The Man Who Would Be King, by Rudyard Kipling
The Nigger of the Narcissus, by Joseph Conrad
A Lodging for the Night, by R. L. Stevenson

. . . . . .

Is *succession* the sum of our beliefs?

Shall we take things as they are? Shall we seize when we have the power?

No, because life is composed of many things and persons living together in *succession*. You and I, the cat and the canary, the mother and child, the biter and the bitten, pleasure and pain, and in that there emerges the idea of *contiguity*, dependence of life itself upon *contiguity* of human beings and human ideas. A due sense of "what ought to be" stands revealed as a concomitant to the acceptance of "what is" of *succession*.

Out of the circumstance of contiguity always comes a need of "what ought to be," something that is true for the cat and the canary, the mother and child, and the biter and the bitten, for you and me at any given time

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or place. What is the truth of this "what ought to be" —most commonly accepted—right here in the United States today? The Golden Rule? "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, de ye even so to them?"

How may we test it? Let us try it in the acids of time, and place. Of it Haeckel says in his *Confessions of Faith of a Man of Science:* "In the human family this maxim has always been accepted as self-evident; as ethical instinct it was an inheritance from our animal ancestors. It had already found a place among the herds of apes and other social mammals; in a similar manner, but with wider scope, it was already present in the primitive communities among the hordes of the least advanced savages. Brotherly love—mutual support, succor, protection, and the like—had already made its appearance among the gregarious animals as a social duty; for without it the continued existence of such societies is impossible."

In years as far from Christ as we are from Christ, King Asoka had inscribed his edict upon the rocks, the eleventh of which ran as follows:

"I pray with every variety of prayer for those who differ with me in creed, that they, following after my example, may with me attain eternal salvation. And whoso doeth this is blessed of the inhabitants of this world; and in the next world endless moral merit resulteth from such religious charity."

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Among other pre-Christians:

Sutra of the Forty-two Sections said: "The man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return him the protection of my ungrudging love."

Sextus said: "What you wish your neighbors to do to you, such be also to them."

Isocrates said: "Act towards others as you desire others to act towards you."

Lao-tze said: "The good I would meet with goodness, the not-good I would also meet with goodness."

The Talmud says: "Do not unto others that which it would be disagreeable to you to suffer yourself; that is the main part of the law; all the rest is only commentary."

The Old Testament says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Religion today says the same; Science says the same; History says the same; the preamble to the Constitution says the same; the man in the street says the same; good business says the same; my children playing in the yard know what is "fair," and what is "no-fair," which is the same.

—14—

What then to believe in?

What about the thousands of human beings who suffer

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things to be done unto themselves which they would not wish to be done unto others? What about the grace and merit of sacrifice? What of the mother that will starve for her children? What of the man without obligation of duty or responsibility, without thought of benefit or even the approbation of his fellows, who will lay down his life for another he does not know? How about this sublime truth to which all men may attain?

But let us be calm; and consider what is possible through sacrifice of things infinitely less than life. How about the urge to discover "what can be," that faith which makes a man sacrifice for the future? If there is a key to success in life, it is:—control, discipline, poise, forgetfulness of today in the vision of tomorrow. Work, save; work, study; work, wait made every capitalist possible. Practice, hunger; practice, study; practice, drudgery made every artist possible. Trial and error, trial and error, trial and error made the world that you and I enjoy today. Sacrifice is the highest standard of behavior for it is the answer to "what can be?"

"What can be" is revealed by imagination which is free of the bonds of time and place and cause and effect. Imagination is the window through which the unseen is seen, the unknown, known. Imagination is the alchemy that brings out of bare facts and uncertain qualities the

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ideal that stands for a truth upon which men may build up to their highest aspirations. Imagination is the revealer of the kinship of peoples and things; the vision that transcends the universe of matter and enters into the most secret chamber of every human soul.

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IMAGINATION

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"It masters time, it conquers space;
It cows that boastful trickster chance
And bids the tyrant Circumstance
Uncrown, and fill a servant's place."

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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CHAPTER VI

IMAGINATION

—1—

SUMMING up the work of the four preceding chapters we may agree that:

(1) Men know each other by their performances in *rôles*, all unconsciously, until a situation arises in which they recognize themselves before a similar *rôle*.

(2) Men know objects by sensing a *condition* through *affinity* to a *condition* in sense memory.

(3) Men acquire knowledge of the subject before their attention by its *parts;* their constant effort being devoted to a knowledge of the whole, but the best that objective thought can do is to find a *partner*.

(4) Men understand ideas through observation, and sense perception,—the natural way of causation—*succession*, and remain perfectly content to rest their case until judgment and reason show the truth of *contiguity*.

It may be seen that the primary modes of rôle, condition, part, and succession are acquiesced in, or accepted unconsciously. A man is subconscious of his fellows through the *rôle* in which he performs; he is subconscious of objects through the *conditions* felt; he at-

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tacks a subject by *parts* all subconsciously; and subconsciously he accepts the facts of existence as mere *succession.* That is to say that every person whom we know is associated by rôle in our subconscious mind, as: *Smith—good sport,* or *Brown—lazy one;* and everything these two men may do hereafter or say will be conditioned by that association.

So with objects. We know them subconsciously by their attached conditions, their *extrinsic* not their intrinsic attributes; and they are all associated accordingly, as: *money—scarce,* or *truth—hidden.* So with subjects. We know them subconsciously by but a part, and they are associated thus: *drawer—table,* or *book—text.* Finally with ideas. They are associated by succession, thus: *absence—opportunity for robbery,* or *trial—verdict.* This looks like a mere statement of Association of Ideas, but it is vastly more enlightening in its choice of terms, and their particular applications. To avoid confusion and aid the reader unused to old philosophical terms, I will drop the term "association" for "linkage."

Examples of subconscious linkage:

(1) by RÔLE	(2) by CONDITION
Solomon—arrayment	Present—kissworthy
Mother—comfort	Moon—round
Prodigal—a sonship	Legacy—arbitrary
Detective—blackmail	Alimony—unpaid

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Giver—enmity	Plunder—hidden
Father—provision	Coat—needed
(3) by PART	(4) by SUCCESSION
Insect life—bee	Cause—effect
Box—lid	Truth—freedom
Identity—name	Tyranny—revolt
Reform—honesty	Business—bargain
House—door	Ebb—flow
Justice—law	Fatigue—sleep

—2—

The Association of Ideas is a general name used in psychological and philosophical discussion to cover certain representations arising in consciousness. There is a school of thinkers in England, which claims that certain laws of association account for all the facts and phases of mental life.

The story of the theory of Association of Ideas is a long one. Looking into historical references, we may gather that Aristotle is to be credited with the glory of first origination, though in reading Hamilton's translation the compilers were struck with the vagueness of the presentation. It appears that Zeno the Stoic, and Epicurus both enumerated certain principles of mental association; and St. Augustin touched upon the subject in his *Confessions;* then the schoolmen of the Middle

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Ages played with its possibilities, prominent among whom was Ludovicus Vives of Spain. Beginning with the 17th century and the birth of what is called modern philosophy, we might name Hamilton, Hobbes, Locke, Hartley, Law, Berkely, Hume, Tucker, Alison, Reid, Stewart, Bain, Mill of Great Britain; Condillac of France; and a number of Germans between Kant and Herbart, as exponents of doctrines, theories and laws bearing upon the subject. The present-day psychologists while admitting that the laws of association—whichever they may favor—must express mental states, and are actual facts to be reckoned with, yet do not seem to recognize such as having a definite connection with imagination, or the synthetic process in mentation.

To cover the various theories and enumerate the many laws announced, would take up too much space, and serve no useful purpose; but I will quote: "These laws are differently stated by different psychologists, but prominent among them are reckoned association by similarity, or resemblance of ideas, and by contiguity or relations of time and place." [1]

The whole business seems to be a jumble of terminology, though some attempt has been made by such men as Ladd, Woodworth and Dewey to burnish up a few of the old terms to meet the needs of their respective

[1] Webster's *New International Dictionary*.

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psychological presentations, yet without effort to apply them to the motivation of human behavior.

—3—

A person's memory may well be called a person's history. It is obvious that the material of the body is subject to the same law of utility and exercise as other forms of matter. If a rock may be grooved, so may the cortex of the brain. If a muscle may be strengthened or made adaptable by exercise, so may the other parts of the nervous system. And, contrariwise, the stuff of memory may well be subject to the same law of "atrophy through disuse" as any other organ, member or muscle. The recalling of what has been retained in memory is much of a subconscious process. We know men's names, drive a car though we may never have touched a wheel for six months, and turn handsprings which we had learned in childhood, all subconsciously. It is through memory we walk, talk, judge distances, and measure forms, in fact perform every habitual action of the body that may be said to have been acquired.

Now it is perfectly obvious that anything that we have stored up in memory can only be communicated to others in form of words spoken or written. Words are a measure of man's relations with man. Words are more; they are the whole of a man outside of *contiguity*—time

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and place. Shakespeare means much to me as a man, but all I know of him is in words.

So then, in reference to memory in the communication of ideas between man and man, all that it amounts to is words, around and in which are emotions, prejudices, loves and hates which make them so dynamic, elusive and pregnant.

It is to be noted in this connection that every practitioner in the art of memory training has based his theory upon word associations.

—4—

The training of memory without the exercise of imagination is a futile business, for imagination is the master function of mentation. A trained memory, like a trained monkey, may have a liability side as well as an asset side. It is forgetting, rather than remembering, that should receive the attention of educators. A good "forgettory" is the only adequate safety valve to active and sanguine spirits. Picture a worthy and most capable man engaging in a contest and suffering defeat. What does memory do for him? Brand him with shame and crush him with humiliation; maybe break him for good and all. Another, and wiser man, may meet with similar defeat, but he calls upon forgetfulness to bind up his wounds, to cleanse him, bless him,

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and send him forth to use the experience gained in the unsuccessful fight. Not what ought to have been done, not even what is, should concern that man who is out for a successful finish to life. What *can* be done is the clarion call to achievement. "The men who forget are the men who come back." The men who remember affronts and nurse their anger until it grows to hatred, paralyze their every further effort for advancement, while the men who, offended today, forget by tomorrow, are well on the way to win. Griefs held in memory are but undertakers preparing a body for an early burial, but griefs forgotten upon one's knees, broaden and strengthen the spirit for greater tasks, greater usefulness—a victorious life. And it is only by employing the imagination that memory can be made a pliant and efficient ally in such a high and useful purpose.

—5—

Memory's highest function is to supply the basic part of the material with which imagination works. The other part of the material arises out of new rôles, conditions, parts, cause and effect and is furnished by immediate perception at a given time and place.

Perception furnishes the *similar* to a *rôle* for imagination to reveal selfhood—the only way by which man may know himself. Perception furnishes the *affinity*

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to a condition for imagination to reveal beauty. Perception furnishes the *partner* to a part for imagination to reveal order and law. Perception furnishes the *contiguity* to *succession* for imagination to reveal abstract truth.

—6—

Thus are seen a set of naturally named modes, or phases of ideation. Under similarity, affinity, partner, and contiguity all ideas are retained and recalled to consciousness. Following are a few examples:

1. *Linkage of rôles to SUBJECTS of action:*

RÔLE	SIMILARITY
Solomon—arrayment	Solomon—arrayment—lilies
Prodigal—sonship	Prodigal—sonship—husbandman
Usual—gift-giving	Usual—gift-giving—unusual
Reformer—friendship	Reformer—friendship—politician
Animate—idolatry	Animate—idolatry—inanimate
Moralist—discrimination	Moralist—discrimination—unmoralist

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—7—

2. *Linkage of conditions to OBJECTS of emotion:*

CONDITION	AFFINITY
Present—kissworthy	Present—kissworthy—rent receipt
Moon—round	Moon—round—apple
Solomon—arrayed	Solomon—arrayed—lilies
Coat—needed	Coat—needed—money
Giver—blessed	Giver—blessed—taker
Idols—worshipped	Idols—worshipped—wife
Murderer—disguised	Murderer—disguised—murdered

—8—

3. *Linkage of parts to SUBJECTS and OBJECTS of thought:*

PART	PARTNER
Bee—insect life	Bee—insect life—flea
Hull—steamship	Hull—steamship—engine
Name—identity	Name—identity—person
Honesty—reform	Honesty—reform—truth
Cost—price	Cost—price—profit
29 years—time	29 years—time—one minute

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—9—

4. *Linkages of successions and ideas in contiguity from observation memory, reason and reflection.*

SUCCESSION

Cause—effect
Truth—freedom
Tyranny—revolt
Demand—supply
Ebb—flow
Fatigue—sleep

CONTIGUITY

Christmas—Santa Claus
Eastman—kodak
Tyranny—cruelty
Authority—arrogance
Many children—little food
Red light—danger

—10—

At birth, an infant will without teaching, perform in a way predetermined by its peculiar inheritance in the universal rhythm of *succession.* It cries, accepts the breast, and goes through all the successive motions of

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suckling, as well or better than it could do if consciously directed. All its activities for many days after are unconscious, instinctive, successive. We might say that its instincts are the evidence of tendencies toward behavior to which some emotion is linked; and in the way of offering a conception of their origin we are only able to say that they are an evidence of *successive* individual inheritances reacting upon the *contiguous* environment.

In all unconscious functioning we may observe the rhythm of *succession:* inhalation and exhalation of breath, the valvular action and reaction of the heart, and the various accretions, secretions and excretions.

To all unconscious processes *succession* is obviously the mode, the order, the law. This applies also to a man's unconscious behavior, for it is a rhythmic progression from perception to condition, to emotion to instinct, intuition, or intelligence, reflex to emotion and reaction. *Man then lives in succession.*

Human action and reaction take a three fold general direction under motivation: (1) towards self-preservation, (2) towards reproduction of condition, (3) towards co-operation with others.

The urge demanding the preservation of self results from an internal stimulation of lack, as of hunger, or external urge, as of fear, and its emotions may be grouped

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under the general term of Desire and its opposite variations. The instinct for reproduction of *condition* arises in reflex to the image of an *affinity*—an empathic "feeling into," and brings into action all the emotion connected with mating. The co-operation with others furnishes that broad expansive "feeling with"—sympathy, or its opposite, antipathy.

Parenthetically, it is well to note that sympathy has usually been grouped with mating and parenthood; but its very nature of "feeling with" others, is of sacrifice, and mating love is rarely driven to that. The finer love of altruism, of parenthood, and of brotherhood, is intuitional and not instinctive.

Let us now examine the operation of the law of *succession* in the genesis of those three abridged stories of previous chapters: *The Outcasts of Poker Flat, The Ransom of Red Chief*, and *The Necklace.*

1. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.* Its beginning arises out of Intuition (co-operation with others). The feeling of antipathy was born of a "virtuous reaction" to which succeeded the act of "Outcasting." Note the succession:

Scorn—*Succession*—Outcasting.

2. *The Ransom of Red Chief.* From a lack of funds

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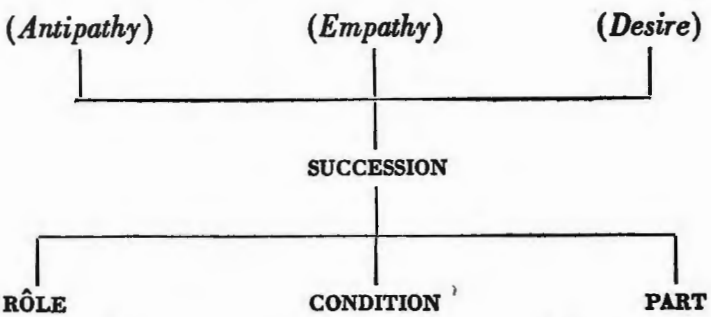
came the thought and enthusiasm for kidnapping and ransom, as:

Feeling of lack—*Succession*—Ransom.

3. *The Necklace.* Out of a feeling inspired by that box bearing the name of a most exclusive jeweler—an assurance of high quality—Madame Loisel was impelled to the drudgery of replacement, thus: emphatic feeling of

Genuineness—*Succession*—Replacement.

Now we have the three modes of *rôle, part* and *condition* as fully explained in preceding chapters, and we need merely to use a diagram in order to grasp fully their order and sequence:



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—11—

You see now that all I could convey to you about Shakespeare would be in words, if we both are to be conscious of the communication. Through the arrangement of the words above, I believe I have shown to you the difference between the unconscious and conscious processes of mentation. So in the future when a psychologist writes about the Unconscious you may know just what he is trying to communicate to you; and you will also bear in mind that to be conscious of anything you must be in *contiguity at a given time and place.* In short, there is no human consciousness without human company. What is true then and there is not necessarily true *elsewhere at another time.* You will observe that *Contiguity* has three phases: *similarity of rôle; affinity* between conditions or relations; and *partnership* of things. In each of the three above "cases" we see two series of events come together in one place at a given time. "What ought to be" at those times and places is the truth revealed to various actors in the dramas. "What is" for each one of them is forgotten in the larger social and moral truth of "what ought to be." Note carefully how this phase of morality is dependent upon time and place—*contiguity,* in everyday life, after a review of the fictional representations.

Between two actors in a dramatic crisis, the whole

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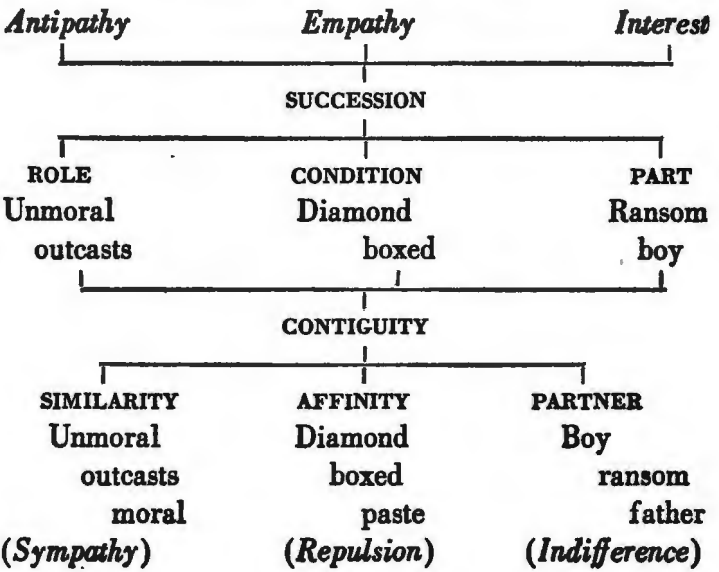
matter may be stated as: "what is" (succession) *versus* "what ought to be" (contiguity). And as the reader reads the three stories to that point of contact he *does not know* what ought to be in his case. The author has him guessing. It is a new situation and time and place are lost sight of. There it is that imagination steps in to reveal "what can be"; and creates either a feeling of irony, pathos, incongruity, humor, wit or satisfaction so as to be psychically acceptable in the reconciliation of "what is" and "what ought to be."

I will re-diagram including the three subsidiary laws of Similarity, Affinity and Partner thus:



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—12—

To present the case adequately for imagination it is necessary to introduce another story, one by the Master:

PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

"A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to *his* father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to *me*. And he divided unto them *his* living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey to a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. An the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put *it* on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on *his* feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill *it;* and let us eat, and be merry: For this my son was

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dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now the elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother has come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering said to *his* father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: But as soon as thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

Here we are shown *Sense* in the figure of the Prodigal Son down to the necessity and inevitability of "what is"; then we are shown *Reason* in the figure of the Elder Brother claiming and arguing according to the truth of "what ought to be"; but if we look a little closer we may see *Imagination* in the figure of the Father, offering an infinitely greater truth of "what can be," which demands from all the utmost of performance.

Let us put the matter on the level of everyday behavior.

You walk down the street in a state of "diffuse" con-

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sciousness, seeing but not noticing, touching though not feeling, hearing though not judging, and you see a strange sight. It is a machine upon wheels, the like you have never seen before. You see *what is.* You take into consideration the circumstances of time and place and judge *what it ought to be*—a road-mender. That is all that sense, thought, reason, judgment do for you. It is not much; yet the consciousness given you by the confidence in your thought and reasoning ability gives you a feeling of assurance. If a man nearby were to differ from you, your assurance of oughtness might grow in force to *must* be.

A child would ask itself: "What *can* it be?" and guess. That is imagination—a guess? No,—Vision—Fore-knowledge—Symmetrical knowledge!

"A poet must confess his art's like physic—but a happy guess," said Dryden. And Dryden was wonderfully enlightening in his modesty. It was a *happy* guess; pat, appropriate, to the point, bright, scintillating, and altogether lovely. Without an inner consciousness of aptness, pointedness, appropriateness, loveliness, there would have been no guess; just a dull, "I can't see." What is this feeling for aptness, pointedness, etc., that gives birth to imagination?

It is man's instinct for symmetry of the whole. The conscious thought of man can only reveal to him a *part* of any subject that engages his attention. That is why

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man is in a perpetual state of conscious dissatisfaction. That is why he struggles, fights, and loves: so that the Whole may be accomplished. The Whole of what, you ask; and the answer is: anything and everything—life itself; for as Pope has said:

> "All are the parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

It is upon this elemental urge within every human breast that all parable, poem, story and drama has depended for an entrance into the human soul. All art must express the symmetry of a whole composition. The end of every piece must be inevitable and psychically satisfactory. It must be whole, true to intention and purpose, to reader as well as writer, to all as well as one.

The word "happy" shuttlecocked back and forth in every discussion of story and dramatic technique, was a very unfortunate selection for the first critic who used it. The ending that all hardworking artists are striving for more and more each day is much more than happy, and often very different, but it expresses the symmetry of the whole.

In an article on the marketing of American films in Europe, printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* of November 7, 1925, the writer of which said:

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The European intelligentzia criticize the happy endings of our stories as bad art. But to peoples recovering from the shock of war, and whose financial, economic and social problems are not yet solved, these happy pictures are beacon lights of hope. They seem to show the way of peace, prosperity and happiness. They make the spectators forget their cares and worries and anxieties. They bring relaxation and give entertainment. They are an escape from the daily routine of work. They open a fresh new world of play where there are no class restrictions or the inertia that comes of despair. That is why American pictures are popular abroad.

The American ending gives a man a hint of the Whole the promise of which lies in the innermost chamber of every human heart. Mark well, this is no word upon style or technique—HOW movie effects of wholeness are at present attained. Far from it. It is for writers to see that the whole process of ideation is a striving for the symmetry of partner, the balance of similarity, the harmony of affinity, the satisfaction of contiguity, as well as understanding of wholeness which gives psychic satisfaction.

—13—

Now, let us consider a few common examples of imagination at work:

1. On Broad Street, about four blocks beyond Market street, Newark, N. J., stands a replica of Verrocchio's equestrian statue of General Colleoni. In "The Æs-

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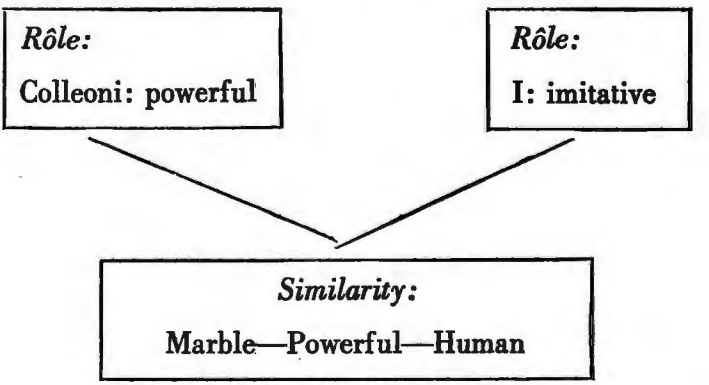
thetic Attitude," Herbert Sidney Langfeld said of it:—"The horse is not represented prancing. . . . It is not so much motion as force that the artist wishes to portray that one feels in every line . . . muscles of the horse . . . tense position of the rider, in his square jaw . . . in the grip of his toes in the stirrup . . ." I went and saw. Analysis:



The appeal of the human figure in stone is that of imitation. The *condition* of the figure is its apparent *rôle*. Empathy—the "feeling into" of the æstheticians—is a "feeling into" a rôle, the abstract thing expressed. Marble or bronze cannot be "felt into." It is the *rôle* of statues that "get" us. That is why photographic statuary is "flat."

As we said before, in sculpture the *similarity* is be-

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tween the subject of the marble and the flesh and blood observer—that is why the statue of Civic Virtue stands before the City Hall of New York, though the people who put it there may not have been conscious of the law of ideation that guided them. In this connection, I make bold to say that no New Yorker can deny that the *virtues* of its administrators have shone much brighter since the statue was unveiled.

—14—

2. The appeal of music when not a song is by assimilation. The sounds of nature—the sighing of the wind in the tree tops, the swish of rain, the boom of the surf—and folk songs are the music of "what is." Its message is consolation.

Music with a purpose—marches, oratorios, symphonies, concertos—or music with a theme is an expression of "what ought to be," to the heart of man. Music expresses all the inward emotions and impulses of man of which all the other arts exhibit the effects. Music plumbs the depths that condition man's behavior. The practitioners of every other Art have ever aspired towards this high plane of music, for the moment of revelation, the point where imagination carries one from the outer to the inner life is a fusion, a mutual recognition of one soul and another. Out of the mystery of

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the past, the composer was given an echo which, finding its affinity in the hearts of listeners, re-echoes to the end of time. That is why it is always seized as a help and an accompaniment. There is no war without songs; no devotion without hymns or mass; no dance without music; and the Dead March in Saul most fittingly takes us to the grave.

—15—

Here is an example taken from the reminiscences of the late vice-president, Thomas R. Marshall, published in the *New York Times* during the Fall of 1925:

"The Vice-President's chamber is so small," he explains, "that it is necessary to keep the door open in order to obtain the necessary cubic feet of air to survive. When he is in the room the guides go by with their guests, stop and point him out, as though he were a curiosity.

"I stood this about as long as I could and then went to the door one day and said: 'If you look upon me as a wild animal be kind enough to throw peanuts at me, but if you are really desirous of seeing me, come in and shake hands.'"

There was the pathetic spectacle of home folks upon the rubber-neck treadmill. They had looked at a Vice-President and imaged an exhibit. But Mr. Marshall

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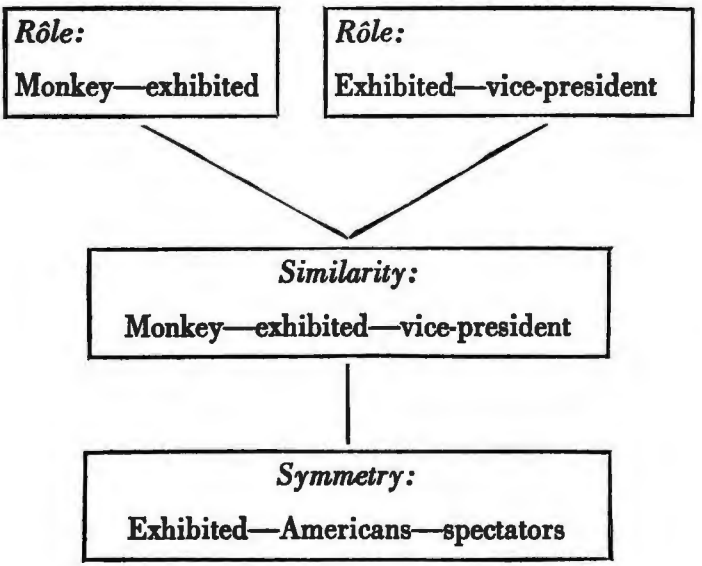
was a man of imagination and saw the situation *wholly*. The average man would have stopped with the rebuke, but Mr. Marshall's faculty was of a high order—reflective and creative. He blessed them with another image carved out of the truth that all there were human and American.



—16—

The possibility for profit open to a little exercise of imagination in merchandising is obvious. Illustrative

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of this I know nothing more apt than the story told of William Heinemann, the London publisher. He was strolling down Piccadilly, when his attention was attracted to a peddler of dolls. The doll offered in the faces of passers-by was not very attractive either of face or figure, but the peddler called, "Hi-yi! Mrs. X for a thripenny bit!" Let Mrs. X stand for a militant suffragette then prominently before the public eye. The peddler sold dolls, that is what Mr. Heinemann observed, while not within five feet another doll peddler, with a much more attractive doll, stood dumb and despairing of a sale. Walking over to this man, Mr. Heinemann said: "Hold up your dolls two together and yell, 'Here you are—the "Heavenly Twins" for a shilling.' " Sarah Grand's book was still very much before the public at the time, and I believe Heinemann was her publisher. The second man's appeal was a rousing success, though he asked double the regular price.

—17—

Six years ago, a couple of workers, both owners of Ford cars, were trading opinions as to the most economical way of driving. During the argument one took refuge in the ark of authority.

"Who should know best," he asked, "you or the Ford people themselves?"

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"Well—well," stammered the second, plainly embarrassed before this sledgehammer blow, "I dunno—but maybe them people are so durned near their car, and are so het up with this one model idea—mebbe they know less about it than any of us—you know what I mean——"

No, the other did not know what he meant. The argument was never settled until one of them cut the following from the *New York Evening Post:*

SOMEBODY FLIVVED IN PLAN OF FORD FOR NEW MODEL

"Many persons are wondering who 'flivved' in getting out Henry Ford's new flivver. When Ford's foremen and minor workers started putting the parts of the new Ford cars together they found trouble in making fits. Work was held up. Meanwhile material piled high. . . . All of which explains why Ford has been unable to get into strong production on his newly announced cars. The error, Ford's competitors say, resulted from the fact that he has only production engineers and no automotive engineers. The error is said to have cost Ford $10,000,000 in delays, corrections, and junked material."

Which would appear to be an example of a high order of business intelligence minus imagination.

—18—

It is on the vaudeville stage where we may see in the subtleties of mimicry, the well-timed gesture, the cor-

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rectly modulated tone, the accurate adjustment to "how much the audience knows" and "what new ideas are turning over in their minds" that *contiguities* are created and killed over night. The reminiscences of that great, little artist, Fanny Brice,[1] show a proper alertness to the "time" factor in her work. She says: "Then she wagged her finger at the audience, pretending she had fooled them and intended to all along. This particular piece of business brought a howl and she used it night after night. But one night it brought no response. She found she was doing it mechanically. All the spontaneity had gone from it, and the audience knew it and resented it. She discarded the whole twirl, and pursued a phantom bird instead, almost catching it, and losing it at the last minute. As long as any piece of business brought a laugh, she used it. When it ceased to be funny and became mechanical she discarded it." When she did her piece of stuff mechanically it was received mechanically as mere *succession*, or as commonplace.

—19—

On the following page will be found a few examples at random:

[1] *Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 21, 1925.

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"The sun has risen," a child was told.
"Who then is its maid?" she asked.

Analysis:

sun	risen	maid-awakened	risen	child

Annie Christie, a sentimental play by Eugene O'Neill.

Analysis:

Annie	prostitute body bruised by passion	lovers	mate-seeker mind bruised by social taboo	Matt

Economics of cigar merchandising.

Phase analysis:

Individual store	buys brands in small quantities	able to change with public taste	daily stock-taking plan	chain store

From *Literary Digest*, Oct. 3, 1925.

A LUCKY CINDER IN THE EYE

"Fifteen years ago a tiny cinder flew into the eye of a man on a train," writes Arthur Williams, vice-president of the New York Edison Company, in a recent press bulletin (New York). "He happened to be an executive, an engineer, an inventor. What happened to the cinder in this man's eye has

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happened to cinders in millions of other cases—it was washed out by the natural watering of the eye. Immediately the thought occurred: 'If nature uses a stream of tear-drops to wash a cinder out of an eye, why not use a stream of water to wash the cinders out of the flue-gases of power-plants?' This little incident and the expenditure of several million dollars led, we are told, to the development of a device—remarkable for its simplicity as well as for its efficiency."

Analysis:				
tear-drop	cinder washer	utility	cinder washer	water

—20—

As for a definition of imagination, I like Glanvil's phrase which runs: "Our simple apprehension of corporeal objects, if present, is sense: if absent, imagination," linked to that of old Trevisa: "The soul beholdeth the likeness of things that be absent." From Glanvil we learn that imagination apprehends without the employment of the senses; which frees us from the law of cause and effect—*succession.* The words of Trevisa, in a like manner, free us from time and place—*contiguity.* Imagination thus is the means whereby man reaches above things material, beyond time and place, outside of cause and effect—to freedom and the *Whole!*

We have seen in the foregoing examples sufficient evi-

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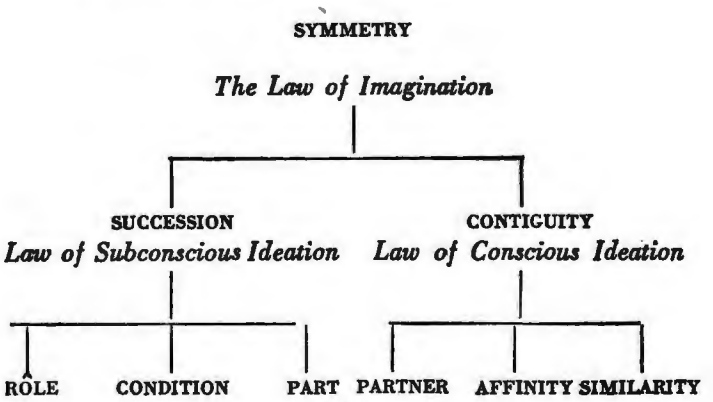
dence that the law of imagination is *symmetry*. There was revealed symmetrical at-one-ment between the moral and the immoral outcasts of Poker Flat. The necklaces were one in being misvalued; the ransom on one side and the payment on the other were merely symmetrical parts of one transaction; memory and record were one in their power to reproduce; the child thought that she and the sun were both maid-awakened; and both Mr. Marshall and his visitors were Americans in happy symmetry.

Imagination takes two conceptions, ideas or images and out of them creates an individual conception, idea or image that can stand for a new and general truth.

To arrive at a clear idea of the laws stated and get a sure sense of their order and relative importance, I append a synthetic table for reference:



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The world of inanimate things seems to do as it pleases the Law, the Creator, God. We cannot halt day from turning into night; we cannot make the ebb tide flow. All we may do with nature is to utilize, but whatever happens we must needs be reconciled to the fact and truth that all in nature *is*. But if a fellow man attempts to imitate nature and do his will upon us, we object. We appeal to the reason of other men in fellowship or *contiguity;* and let the imitator of nature know the truth of what *ought* to be. If he still persists in imitating nature—"letting go" as the psycho-analysts have it, or flaunting codes—we then have to appeal to force and make him understand that the dictate of reasonable men *must* be obeyed.

That is the rule of the majority made to be upheld by the force of circumstance. It is on its face, reasonable, practical, true and good; yet if it were obeyed by all, there would be no progress, for time flies. *Contiguities break.* Somewhere and sometime in a community it is necessary that a man possessed of a consciousness that sees no time, place, nor circumstance, to imagine and talk, and fight for the what *can* be, of his vision. It is also necessary that this man have courage, for the reason that organizations of men—religious bodies, scientific bodies, social bodies, art bodies, educational bodies, all persons in special *contiguity*—may become leagued against him, for organizations provide livings,

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position, prestige, possessions, rôles, to which individuals claim ownership.

A man with a new idea can be the most terrifying thing in the world.

So imagination without courage may be as faith without works—dead!

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REVERENCE FOR DUTY

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Faith is the heritage of the individual at birth; it is that which binds him to the whole of being. The individual only detaches himself with difficulty from the maternal breast. . . . He is born in union with humanity, the world, and with God.

—AMIEL.

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CHAPTER VII

REVERENCE FOR DUTY

—1—

We come to the point where sooner or later all men must come—this matter of Truth, truth that is Reality, the Whole Truth. Historically, the first men who thought about thinking came to the conclusion that Unity was the only Reality. That is the testimony of all religious writers since recorded time. A survey of the history of logic will reveal first in point of time, the *Eleatic* doctrine: *that only unity has real being;* which, however, was soon followed by the *Heraclitic* counter-doctrine: *that only in change in the many, is truth to be found.* Later came forward the Pythagorean doctrine of *number, harmony* as *containing in the abstract, the union of the opposites, one and many.*

Each of the above three doctrines expressed a truth, as we may observe in our everyday life and experience. Every child comes to consciousness with the idea that the world revolves around him. He believes in the Whole, of which he is a part. Later, as he comes in contact with the things of matter and begins to divide things up into parts he sees the truth of many *Parts.*

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It does not take long for experience to convince him that all these many Parts are *related.* A chair is *near* a table. A kiss *follows* a hurt, and so on. So then we have three truths:

(1) Whole
(2) Parts
(3) Relation of the Parts

Now it is very obvious that if the Parts are Related, they are of a Whole in that respect. *So, Whole, or the Universal, is the essential truth.*

—2—

Around those three fundamentals, religion, philosophy, science, art and politics have milled from the first historic day. Because of misinterpretations of them, schisms have split asunder peoples, and ushered in wars that have drenched the world in blood; yet you and I see the whole thing as mere horse sense. We just have to look at a jumble of many car Parts in a bin, and watch a mechanic relate them into a Whole, to get the idea of Reality. We know that without Wholeness the car could not run. Big, vital, impressive things are always simple. It is important to re-read the above section thoughtfully and often, in order to extend moments of awareness, and gradually assume the Universal attitude of thought and belief; for in that comes the realization of life more abundant.

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What is this life more abundant? What is the evidence of its appearing in the life of an ordinary person? All of us have experienced it in some meagre, transient way, a few in a constant attitude of receptive capacity and creative power.

This feeling of power which a consciousness of Wholeness gives has been variously termed throughout the history of man. To some, it meant trance, to others ecstasy, to others inspiration, to others enthusiasm, to others joy, or ineffable peace, and so on. The most common thrill comes at sight of a comedy, slapstick, if you like: the "absent minded professor" walking down the street with his eyes in the air and his toe against a stone, and falling with flying legs, upon his face. It is to laugh. Why? Because the professor's many Parts are now *unrelated,* flying all over the place; while ours are very properly co-ordinated and related; hence we get a grasp of our own Wholeness, which is the psychic satisfaction of symmetry. Now the law of Contiguity gets hold of us. We *feel* for the other man—the professor—until we see him arise, brush himself, and smile at his own clumsiness. Then we get another, a more wondrous, thrill of Wholeness—*his* Wholeness.

The fervor and eloquence of a preacher at a revival brings up in memory all the many Parts of a man's experience—all together in a jumble—then offers him Wholeness through Divine grace to which follows repent-

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ance—*change of mind,* according to the correct meaning of the Latin equivalent of repentance—and a consciousness of the Whole or Universal. After which comes the ineffable peace of salvation or a "safe return" to the Whole. The whole of Christian Science practice is the realization of the Reality of the Whole (Divine Mind) and the unreality of the many Parts (matter), just as the result of scientific investigation into the Relations of the Parts, gradually but eventually brings man to a belief in Reality by a sense of symmetry of the Whole. Symmetry is the law of imagination, the way to knowledge of things "that be absent" and beyond the knowledge of sense.

—3—

I have touched but lightly on the subject of psychoanalysis in former chapters; but now with the laws of succession and contiguity so well understood and so immediately before us, I will discuss the matter in such a way as to enable one to use whatever good there may be in that theory.

This new so-called science declares that the individual forgets nothing. That sounds reasonable, though of course, it cannot be proved. It also finds that all the unfulfilled wishes, impulses, tendencies, and desires and hates that the individual has been unable to realize or has quashed deliberately as being improper or immoral,

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are all alive, chained down with Conscience as a jailor. That leads us to consider what is Conscience. I remarked in the last chapter that Conscience, or the moral sense of "what ought to be," was subject to the law of contiguity—time and place, instancing the chronological and geographical difference in social codes. Is there a higher moral and ethical sense of "what ought to be"? Yes, we see that by reversing the high imaginative sense of "what can be" to appear "what cannot be." There are things which one just cannot do without cutting oneself off from the Whole, the Universal, or God.

The man with a complex has thought or felt something, but because of a negative sense of "what ought not to be" or "what cannot be" he represses the thought or feeling he harbors.

It appears that these prisoners change during their confinement and some even escape; and to the escaped ones, a good many ailments both physical and mental are very plausibly ascribed. Daniel A. Simmons in his little volume, *Practical Psychology*, puts it thus:

> The repression of any strong desire or emotion will sooner or later make trouble. These emotions and desires most closely related to the love-life of the individual are more often repressed than any others, and their repression works grave consequences, for two obvious reasons: (1) The emotions and desires clustering about the sex-life are more primal and inherent than any others; and (2) the conventions of society

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and its codes of morals have thrown more restraints about them, so that they are more often the subjects of repression than any other group of emotions and desires.[1]

—4—

The psycho-analyst without any knowledge of the laws of ideation and their relation to consciousness is supposed to probe into a patient's mind for the cause of a "complex." By the word-association method a patient is asked to write down the first word that comes to his mind, then write down the second, the third, and so on without conscious selection. It is supposed that somewhere in this string of words drawn from memory, or more often than not, suggested by environment, a clue will be disclosed; failing that, a kind of third degree, or an appeal for confession is resorted to.

Now let us take a common-sense statement of a case and apply to it the laws of ideation and imagination:

(1) A man who has a strong desire or emotion, which means the law of cause and effect (succession), has revealed to him something desirable. He is long on "what is"; that is, he ideates in the concrete; which means:

(2) He is short of a sense of "what ought to be," which is subject to the law of contiguity. In the particular neighborhood, or society in which he lives at the

[1] Simmons: *Practical Psychology*, p. 154 (Bolton Pub. Co.).

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time, the code forbids the realization of his emotion or desire. He wishes to "let-go," as they say, all because he was wrapped up in materialism—so lost in his senses —that he could not see himself out of time and place. He could see the many *Parts* or a *Part*, but could not see their true relationship to him in the Whole. Why did he repress? Or rather why did he do nothing? He was afraid of Nature with her law of succession; afraid she would do to him just what she is doing to wolves who do not obey the law of the pack, to bees who forget the law of the hive, to the crook who "snitches." Such a man was just in the wrong place at the wrong time—*out of contiguity*. He was just in a *rôle* and shy of a similar true enough to rouse his imaginative forces. He lacked the knowledge that he was a part of a properly related organism called Man or "many men." He lacked the courage to break away from time and place because imagination gave him no answer to his unlawful "what can be?" Because the law of imagination: symmetry, could foresee no soul satisfaction to the result of the contemplated act. The soul-satisfying sense of *symmetry* of the Whole is the voice of God.

"The Kingdom of God is within you." That kingdom within is the sense of symmetry of the Whole: that moment of high exaltation, of at-one-ment, with the Highest which brings self-forgetfulness, and a demand for sacrifice.

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—5—

The basic error of ideation is in looking upon the moral and social conscience—"what ought to be"—of the world of which you are a part, as a barrier in your way, then giving all of your emotional allegiance to *succession*. Because it rained once or twice when you did not have your umbrella with you—it will always rain when you leave your umbrella at home—cause and effect! Because your early raising gave you a sense of inferiority, every one belittles you no matter how hard you try to impress him by defense reactions of boasts, talkativeness, and false dramatics. Because a minister of the Gospel did an ungentlemanly thing to a girl, she later suffered under the complex—delusion—that manifested itself as hatred for the church and for her husband. She mistook contiguity—a coincidence—for succession—for cause and effect. Subconsciously she believed that all clergymen were as the dastard she had met—a matter of cause and effect. Because, "The savage wonder-worker notes that after he tramped around a certain stake, a rain fell, he connects these two sets of phenomenon." [1] Cause and effect. Superstition, all of it!

[1] Gowin: *The Executive* p. 184 (The MacMillan Company).

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—6—

Tridon in his book, *Psycho-Analysis and Behavior*,[1] states a case of an elderly German woman resident in this country who, when the Great War broke out, was very vociferous in her allegiance to the country of her birth. Came the day when her son was drafted for service in the American Army. "The night when he left for camp, she became strangely silent and the next morning she was absolutely disoriented, being unable to recognize any member of her family or her environment.

"Her memory for everything which had occurred since August, 1914, was entirely gone; she could speak only with difficulty and for a while her vocal chords lost all resonance; she regained to a certain extent her powers of speech when expressing herself in English but she was absolutely unable to make herself heard when she talked German. On the other hand, her memory of events preceding the world catastrophe was absolutely unimpaired."

Here is the explanation in terms of ideation:

This woman had lived with her son under the law of contiguity as a good mother and son should. She loved him dearly. She had been born and raised in contiguity with the German home of her parents.

[1] Copyright Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

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The war broke out. "What ought to be" for an American and "what ought to be" for a German came in conflict. The German sense of morality and right won, and she expressed herself "vociferously." But her son became involved on the side of America. What did she do? She was true to herself and also to her boy. She did not fail in facing facts. She stood supreme upon the plane of the Whole and saw things clearly. She sacrificed her tongue, and her power to think for Germany.

She had no complex. She had a blessing of forgetfulness. Tridon does not mention the outcome of the case, but I am certain in my own mind that she recovered her speech with time and the return of her son.

—7—

Teachers and philosophers have always stated that a feeling or obligation of "oughtness" is the essential condition of the Moral Sentiment; and argued that the perception of right conduct calls forth our approval, and with it is unbreakably linked a feeling that we *ought* to do it. Kant makes the "ought" imperative, absolutely binding on all, which makes of it, *we must do it.* That in the final analysis, implies force, and it is only applicable to relations between men and men out of contiguity—unbound by special interest. It only ap-

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plies between men and men when a recourse to law becomes necessary. That is why war is unmoral, though it may be perfectly legal. Because a German felt something or other that *ought* to be, it became *must* be for Russians, Belgians, Servians, and Frenchmen and even himself, hence there was trouble—lawful war.

Some writers look upon the feeling of moral obligation as an outcome of an external law of right, while the school of thought called the Utilitarian defines it as a result of custom and experience of utility. The truth of the matter is: only the moral *capacity* is inherent in man. Through ideation, man has known by contrast that there has always been a victim to every villain, through the association of affinity that there is relation between people; through the link of similarity that to every man's view there is a similar somewhere near, and that is the law of contiguity which unifies time and place. The mechanism of ideation is man's inheritance, therefore the *capacity* to know right from wrong, being a part of that mechanism, is inherited.

"What must be" is the obvious law of the land.

"What ought to be" between man and man only comes up for conscious checking when the capacity to know right from wrong is exercised by contacts in contiguity (with people mutually interested).

So, while a man has inherited the capacity to know right, his environment, especially that of childhood, gov-

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erns the making of his moral code. Though man is gifted with this capacity as part of his ideational mechanism, his moral sentiments have their origin in his domestic subjection as a child. They arise in the sense of authority, but of course authority to a child is merely a natural unconscious molding of which he can—or should—in no way be conscious. He soon begins to associate certain acts with pain and others with pleasure. A like act recalls a like feeling and so on. He sees a good act done to another and his experience enables him to recall the associated feeling. He sees contrasts and gets a knowledge of his rôles through imagination.

To the man who lives fully in accordance with "what must be," and observes in every association with his fellows the niceties of "what ought to be," there will come occasions for the assumption of a deeper and more sublime obligation—that of "what can be." It may come in the flash of a psychological moment, or during a long and weary vigil during which a momentous decision is to be made. What *can* man do for others? Sacrifice. What *can* he do for himself? Sacrifice!

—8—

"The faculty of imagination," said Dugald Stewart, the wise philosopher, "is the great spring of human activity and the principal cause of human improvement."

John Tyndall, the great physicist, said, "The greatest

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discoveries of Science have been made when she left the region of the seen and known and followed the imagination by new paths to regions before unseen."

Gordon Selfridge, the merchant prince of Chicago and London, said, "Then there is the godlike quality called imagination, which enables a man to create from the nebulous mass something which really matters, something original."

If all that is true as to the direction of imagination to matters outside of man, is it not reasonable to suppose that the God-given power may serve man for his own individual betterment and personal achievement? Without a doubt. All so-called miracles are due to the operation of the laws of imagination and ideation. No sect has a monopoly of healing. The shrines of Lourdes, Loretta, Saint Anne de Beaupré, Guadaloupe, the temple at Benares, the pages of the Christian Science journals, the records of the Unity movement, the Emanuel movement, New Thought, the clinics of the Applied Psychologists, the offices of the unostentatious, hard-working medical men near you, each and all tell the same story of natural law applied.

The practical psychologists claim that the unconscious or subconscious mind is the seat of all wisdom and power, but in this very attribution of *all* to one part of man they separate, isolate, and circumscribe the very thing that they claim is all powerful. Possibly a more

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useful conception of the unconscious part of man's mentation would come by naming it, "the racial, family and individual memory of man."

We know that the subconscious laws of ideation are those of *rôle, condition, part* which are just phases of the general law of *succession.* Whenever healing is done by the art of autosuggestion as demonstrated by Monsieur Coué and thousands of other practitioners, the law of *succession* is invoked, though they know it not. Their patients are always *getting* better; and pains are always *passing,* which is conditional succession. Note the suggestion of *succession* in the following advice of Coué to his patients: "Every day and in every way I am getting better and better! By its repetition you will come to impress upon your mind the idea every day and in every way I am getting better and better." [1]

Permanent results of such practice are conjectural: they, according to their faith and formulæ, are always still "getting" better. There is another element to be added. That inherent in *imagination*—a concurrence and cancelling out of time and place. The time and space element necessary to healing power was demonstrated by the man we call Jesus. His dictum on the subject is most clear. It demands *imagination.* Did He not say: "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and

[1] Coué: *How to Practice Suggestion and Autosuggestion,* p. 101.

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ye shall have them." The American version of the New Testament puts this belief in the past tense,—"believe that ye have received."

Now, neither you nor I can believe that we have received when we know that we have not received; and merely believing that you will receive will not help you much. *It is possible, however, with the aid of imagination that you may for a moment believe you actually have received, and so get permanent possession.* It is a matter of time: an at-one-ment with the Whole, Universal, God.

Judge Troward after discussing conditions of mind, necessary to healing, particularly of creating a state free from selfish motive, explains: "To do this is to work upon the plane of the absolute, and for this purpose we must endeavor to impress upon our subjective mind the idea of that which we desire quite apart from any conditions. This separation from the elements of condition implies the elimination of the idea of *time* and consequently we must think of the thing as already in existence." [1] That means an application of the law of *symmetry*, a moment in life when all idea of time and space is lost. *If it is a matter of time, it is also a matter of place; for there is no time without place and no place without time.* "Think well," admonished Carlyle, "thou too wilt find that space is but a mode of human sense, so

[1] *From Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science.*

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likewise time; there *is* no space and no time. . . ." [1]

It also means a consciousness in which the laws of mentation can work—a self-forgetful assurance that this thing or state measures up to the standard of "what ought to be" and "can be." *It is that quality of prayer which is work.* It means that a man must have expended all his energies in full integrity of spirit in the direction of the state or thing he so desires, for honest work always brings self-forgetfulness, and that state of psychic *not physical* relaxation necessary to receptivity. The tired man is much nearer the source of power, closer to God, than the lazy man.

This necessary work is an assimilation into the rôle of Wholeness. Some psychologists speak of Visualization, "Visualize the man you desire to be," they urge. But how? They do not say. I would rather suggest "assimilation into the rôle of Wholeness." Act! If you are sick and desire to be well, try to feel the spirit of a *whole* man, and act. Act as far as your body will permit. If you are a poor man and desire to be *whole* financially, feel into the rôle and permit yourself to act as a man better off. Play the game with nature the healer. The attempt to visualize oneself in a rôle can never be as efficacious as acting in the rôle with all the spirit of wholeness one can feel. Action is the highest and most direct revelation of character, and dramatic

[1] Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus*, Book I, ch. XIII.

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action is the means by which one man may interpret the character to which he hopes to attain.

Among all schools of healing, that of the Suggestionists has made the only attempt to explain the method or modus of healing, in other than mystical terms. Their statements might be summarized thus:

(1) Relaxation: then the continued repetition of a formula which allows the senses to beat in rhythm with nature, as in, "I am *getting* better," (not, I am better), so that a feeling of empathy is induced which tends to inhibit thought, and take on *succession.*

(2) Judgment and reason are brought to agreement by explanation, and by the example and experience of other similarly afflicted people so that one may feel in *contiguity,* and believe that the result hoped for "ought to be." The power resident in the law of *contiguity* was pointed out by Jesus in the words: "If two of you shall agree as touching anything, it shall be done for them of my Father in heaven."

(3) *An imaginative living of the result of healing by assimilation into the rôle of Wholeness: letting go the dramatic impulse which is a part of everyone's inheritance.*

—9—

This chapter would not be complete without a word on fear. Physicians, psychologists of every school,

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philosophers, poets, and prophets have ever agreed that the elimination of a sense of fear in the human breast would do much toward better health, higher morals and an improvement of the standard of living. Man, however, has a worse enemy than fear: it is ignorance. So though we may be discussing fear, our real subject is ignorance.

In one word, of what are men afraid? "The future," you will say. And you will be wrong. Man is afraid of the *past.* Many of his fears are inherited; such as of darkness, of snakes, shadows, ghosts, loneliness, death. The law of subconscious mind: *succession,* tells him that somewhere in the dim and hoary past, pain followed the apprehension of one of these things: darkness—*succession*—pain; or snakes—*succession*—pain, and so on. The balance of his fears are due to *conditions* attached to his own past experiences.

Let us set up a supposititious case: A man fears that he will not be able to meet a note due in ten days. It worries him. Everything in the world seems wrong because he fears that he will not be able to meet the obligation. How did he get that way?

First, he brooded and wallowed in *empathy*—"feeling into" the obligation, as if it were a thing; because deep down in his memory was a *condition* seeking affinity—a *condition* attached to a similar *past* obligation that had not been met. Not a note obligation necessarily; in fact,

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it might well be an insignificant affair of childhood—but still an obligation unmet; it could be his share of a race memory of obligations unfulfilled. Second, he met that hoary old god of the mathematicians, called Probability, and the shivering, quaking wail of the defeatist: "what *might* be." Probability, according to the dictionary is: *Quality or state of being probable; appearance of reality or truth; reasonable ground of presumption; likelihood.*

Our friend was feeling for affinity between the past condition of an unmet obligation, and the obligation due in ten days. There appeared a *likelihood* of repetition according to Probability.

All fears are similar to that, and all due to wallowing in past memories.

The mathematical theory of Probability which aims at reducing the elements of chance to calculation, has received the attention of many great minds, and many books have been printed to explain their many futile attempts to make the unknown the known. Our present day actuarial science, the basis of the immense structure of insurance, is a practical exemplification of the theory reduced to a law of averages; which is all very well and as scientific as thought can go.

It can be seen that the greater the number of parts from which averages may be drawn, the closer to truth will be the result. The more parts of the Whole

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considered, the nearer to the truth of the Whole they may come. But the law of averages is not for our friend. He is but one. There can be no average of one.

The remedy? Forget that such a thing as *Probability* exists in your individual concerns. The man who says: "It is probable that I may do so and so," does not want to do it (unconsciously) and unless he gets a new gleam of light, love or truth, will not do it! Take a chance on Universal law—*succession*—change.

Believe in glorious Possibility. "The possible," said Gerald Stanley Lee, "is our privilege." Possibility, according to the same dictionary is: *Quality or state of being possible; the power of happening; being; or being thought.* Wholly of the future. Wholly in the hands of law and God.

Finally, address yourself in the spirit of Angela Morgan's lines:

> Stand forth, my soul, and grip thy woe,
> Buckle the sword and face thy foe.
> What right hast thou to be afraid
> When all the universe will aid? [1]

10

Finally, a man's religion is the truth he lives habitually, subconsciously and consciously. To live up to the highest truth that you know, is to prepare for a still

[1] From, *It can be done* (George Sully and Company).

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higher truth to be revealed. It may come in a lightning flash of inspiration, or in the midst of deep pain and heavy labor. The divine truth is unchangeable but the part of it we may know is forever changing as we grope upwards. And so the moment a truth is pinned down to words by authority it begins to deviate towards error, *if our apprehension of truth is growing in power and grace.* The stock in trade of conventionalized authority, whether of science, religion, art or business, is usually "what must be." Don't be cowed! There are wise men in authority from time to time. Read the words of late Archbishop Ireland:

The enemies of the Church have been inside the Church, not outside of it. The supreme blunders of churchmen have been in suppressing strong men—in thwarting individuality. All the good law and all the good order which the State or the Church enjoys today may be traced back over some route to the words and deeds of men who rebelled against the kind of law and the kind of order that they found administered by its "constituted guardians"; by men who dared to appeal from the "keepers of divine truth" to divine truth itself—from the "trustees of God" to God Himself.

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HOW TO THINK

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It is necessary that we should seek and knock, and thereby ask the Omnipotent power within ourselves, and remind him of its promises and keep it awake, and if we do this in the proper form, and with a pure and sincere heart, we shall receive that for which we ask and that for which we seek.

—PARACELSUS.

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CHAPTER VIII

HOW TO THINK

—1—

LOGIC is supposed to regulate thought. Logic? What is it?

You may go to *Webster's International Dictionary* and find: "Logicians have never agreed upon a definition of logic." As I am no logician I will not attempt it. You may go to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and learn that an understanding of logic requires some acquaintance with its history. That is a dry story; and really, the only part that can interest us, is that which tells about thinking before Aristotle, who claims the credit for discovery of logical forms. That is to say, the only history of logic that will aid us, is the story of thinking before logical forms were invented.

We are told that the earliest Greek thinkers looked over the parts of the world and, just as we would do, began to feel or to speculate on the symmetry of the whole —a law of unity. Out of many years of discussion and speculation there came to be fixed in common understanding three theories: (1) *Only unity has reality,* (2) *Only in the change of the many is truth to be found,*

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and (3) *In the number harmony was found the union of the opposites, one and many.*

That is all. There followed the Sophists, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; then the thousands of philosophers and schoolmen whose names lend glamour to the pages of history; and with these three balls of thought everyone had his innings at jugglery and hairsplitting, without being able to play a fourth ball or divide a hair of the formulæ. The Piltdown man, Sitting Bull, the Igorrotes, and the Esquimaux, have also juggled with the same balls, but with much less self-conscious ostentation. We juggle with them today for they are our essential modes of consciousness.

Let us examine them:

(1) *Only unity has reality.*

True, because man can only be conscious of one thing at a time.

(2) *Only in change in the many is truth to be found.*

True, because in the change of the many Parts a relation is revealed: that of succession—cause and effect.

(3) *The notion of number-harmony as containing in abstract the union of the opposite one and many.*

True, because the number-harmony—if we avoid the usual narrow interpretation and see the broader implication of relation—of the many, is an indication of law, order, consequently a Whole. So much for thinking before logic, and which after all is the thinking of today.

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Is it not true as Seth says: "The theory of every operation is later than its performance, and men were accustomed to think correctly long before they began to reflect on their thinking faculties and the processes by which their results were reached." [1]

—2—

It is obvious that a person can only think of a thing in which he is interested, and to which he gives his attention. The closer the attention, the keener the interest in that thing, the less attention can he give to other things. Men think by parts. That is why a specialist is called narrow. A specialist in mathematics moves from number to number—part to part—until he gets tired, then he sighs and says, as one of the highest mathematical authorities did say, that "mathematicians do not know what they are talking about."

It is now apparent that habitual attention to Parts without seeing the Whole or Universal is a very poor way to arrive at Reality or Truth. Thinking is only for the moment as it were, only valuable for coping with things immediately before the attention; a phase, a very short and tentative part of the whole activity and power of mind.

Not that there are no worthy specialists. It is but

[1] Seth: Logic, *Chambers Encyclopedia.*

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to look over the field of medicine to see the truth of that. Medical men study the Relatives or what they call the principles of their science—anatomy, histology, philosophy, ethics, etc.,—before going out to practice and subsequent specialization. Yet there be men who get so enamoured of their speciality that their minds gradually lose the power of extension which can keep them safe in the Whole. It is a remarkable fact, easily verified in the pages of history, that the men who achieve the highest positions in science, business, or the arts, are never specialists in the usual or narrow sense.

Logicians are what we might call specialists in thought, and when they started to take thought apart, all they could find was words—mere words. They could not see, hear, feel, taste, smell or change the thought processes. The only concrete things that they could grasp relative thereto, were words, words, mere words. Take the classic formula: (1) Man is mortal, (2) Socrates is a man, (3) Therefore, Socrates is mortal; and change the words somewhat as, (1) Man is immortal, (2) Socrates is a man, (3) Therefore, Socrates is immortal; then reflect upon the fact that a mere exchange of two words contradicted and cancelled out both conclusions.

Is it not obvious that the whole sense, utility, and integrity of logic depends entirely upon the primary assumption, and that that assumption is not arrived at by

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thought, but by imagination? Shall we name logic child play? Here is my little girl now assuming (1) A home is secluded, (2) Four chairs arranged in a square is a home, and (3) Therefore four chairs is secluded. Where did she get the original assumption? An innate urge for the Whole!

—3—

Perhaps the most prevalent and vicious belief today, is that words are knowledge. A scientist will say "atom" or "electron" and all the world is ready to believe that such exists; yet, "if those scientists are asked for a proof that electrons exist, they will, if we carefully pin them down, usually begin with a statement that some sort of electrified body, such as a *drop of oil* has been actually observed to move in various ways; and then by a long and complicated mathematical (i. e., verbal) statement which involves many laws, they deduce the existence or proof of exact or absolute electrons." [1] Of course, there is no such thing as an absolute "atom" or "electron." All nature is forever changing in succession. Things are in parts and parts without end, just as mathematics is symbol and symbol without end. Scientific knowledge is but relative and partial knowledge.

It could be advanced that the first means for com-

[1] Klyce: *Sins of Science*, p. 70 (Marshall Jones Co., Boston).

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munication of thought was by gestures; just as we today would employ to make ourselves understood by a person who did not know our tongue, or who could not hear the spoken word. Even today, the most eloquent speakers use grimaces and gestures for emphasis. The face, hands, body and voice were no doubt used more or less together, and in course of time, voice came to predominance through its powers for greater range and flexibility. Voice is but the gesture of the vocal organs. It is a case of the tongue winning out in a long race because of its greater capacity—the "survival of the fittest"!

Language came out of imitation. That first utterances were imitations is obvious, just as the first written signs were imitations of concrete objects. A cry of pain or laughter of amusement are not language except they be consciously reproduced to attract attention.

Language, however, had its real beginnings when it came to be recorded so that it could be handed down and not made anew by each individual and eventually become pure tradition, as it is today.

—4—

Language is traditional, brought down from our ancestors by word of mouth, and record.

Ordinary words today instead of naturally suggesting or meaning things, merely express a quality previously

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attributed to them years and years ago; and new words are made up from them. The original meanings are lost under the crust of convention. Who would know that *book* meant beech-wood staff? When you say *copper,* would you think of Cyprus? Every part of every language is full of such examples. Once a thing is named it is lost in the sound and the shapes of the letters that represent it.

A word comes to signify a thing or the quality of a thing when as a matter of fact it signifies nothing but a name, a symbol, a disguise, an excuse or an explanation, *except we agree to give a writer the poet's license to play ducks and drakes with them.*

That is why the scientific exposition cannot attain to the power of the imaginative portrayal in revealing truth. That is why Christ "spake in parables." That is why the man in the street is always impatient with the exact letter of authority. Not content with making new words out of the words handed down to him, man began to use one word to qualify another so that today he has in language a wonder-working instrument the power of which is only limited by human ingenuity on the one hand, and human credulity on the other.

—5—

To think, draw accurate and sound conclusions, it is

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but to remember that there is possible to language three kinds or degrees of statement, thus:

(1) The concrete, of the many Parts, expressing "what is."

(2) The relative, of relations of the Parts, expressing different states of "what ought to be."

(3) The absolute or abstract of "what can be."

There are concrete, relative, and absolute words and their use should express the intention, motive, purpose of the statement they make up. We think in the concrete with attention upon objects. We feel the relative by empathy, and only *think* concretely with attention upon the words that make up a relative statement. We image the absolute and only *think* of the words that state it. Words are things—*Parts*, but they are given power as *Relatives* and *Absolutes*, and other *Parts*.

To do a good job, it is first to choose the appropriate tools: to think correctly, it is first to choose the right words.

—6—

Of course $2 + 2 = 4$ is not *absolutely* or wholly true; because it depends upon relations. Because the 2's meant are but *parts* of a Whole, and those parts are forever changing. It is just *relatively* true. Thus, two *parts* and another two *similar parts* are four *parts*. So again, science, mathematics, logic, so-called *exact* knowledge, is just relative or part knowledge.

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Only the Whole is absolute. A child knows that, naturally, as is evident from his pain when trying to understand the abstract idea of $2 + 2 = 4$. Finally, he takes the teacher's word for it, and this taking of another's word, leaves him forever under the thrall of words, until in later years, he may stumble upon the brilliant plausibilities of a Chesterton or a Donnelly, like this wholesome bit: "Wiseacres are always telling us that two and two make four. Yet, if you consider, you will find there is more falsity than truth in that particular bit of hoary but heretical mathematics. An equation may be an evasion, and the prevaricating powers of figures, whether as statistics or as plain unadorned numerals, call for no special remark. Two and two make four. In the case of Kilkenny cats what do they make? Nothing of the kind. What of married couples? Two and two made two until Reno made us unlearn our matrimonial mathematics. Take your equation, Messrs. and Mesdames Wiseacres, to the battlefield and an addition of generals on either side makes easy victory possible for the other. Take your equation to the kitchen and apply it to the cooks and what becomes of the broth?" [1] and so on.

Such as that can do more than a thousand preachments on the Absolute; more than a thousand lessons in logic, for it provokes reflection out of which comes the realiza-

[1] Donnelly: *The Art of Interesting*, p. 170 (P. J. Kenedy & Sons).

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tion that what are called scientific statements are true, only according to the words and formulæ used.

When an economist refers to a law of Supply and Demand is it for us to believe that supply creates demand and demand creates supply? Are we to understand that to every demand there will follow a supply, or that to every supply there will arise a demand? Pinned down, it becomes a matter of time and place. *At a certain time and in a certain place, so and so is so and so,* is all very well; but when people get the habit of forgetting the limitations of time and place, and act as if *such and such is so, forever and a day,* just because it was for them at a particular time and place, it is foolish, to say the best for it. So in trying to think, respect the limitations of time and place. Remember words are Parts, and not the thing they represent.

—7—

The thinking faculty when all has been said about it is but the watchman, porter, scout, messenger, advance agent, buffer, and business agent of the mind. It is controlled, conditioned and inspired by a Purpose.

The essential condition to thought is *purpose.* A purpose behind attention is like a magnet which draws together all related parts. That is the true concentration. To hold a purpose is to have a plan. Any plan or purpose behind thought can only result in seeking and

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finding. The senses can do no more for man than that. So decide, you thinkers, what is it you seek! A more useful life?

Very well, seek first then your own possibilities and limitations. Every day and everywhere try to see yourself in a *similar rôle* with the men you admire or disdain, and those in between. If Jones is a particularly loyal soul, mentally put yourself in his place, and *feel* how you measure up to his shoes. If Smith is a liar, try to act as he would and note your soul's reaction. *Compare yourself honestly with others.*

Mental balance which is unconscious seeking, finding and comparing, is the prize that thought can win for you, and it is certainly worth a purpose and a plan.

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HOW TO SENSE QUALITY

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Although thou art not able to see the mind of man as thou seest not God, yet, so thou recognizest God from His works, so thou must acknowledge the divine power of the mind from its powers of invention, and the desire it has for the beautiful.

—Cicero.

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CHAPTER IX

HOW TO SENSE QUALITY

—1—

> But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
> It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

WHAT an offense to attempt an analysis of "that sweet pain." To what lengths have I come? But there occurs no apt quotation to excuse me in throwing the broader explanation upon another. . . .

When a man is in love with a maid his imagination becomes chained down to one. That's why it is to laugh. A *condition* within him finds affinity to a *condition* within another. The rest of the world and all heaven become *conditioned* to the measure of this the "one and only *kind*." A man in love is the automatist *par excellence*. . . . The gods forgive that much and I'll say no more.

—2—

There is a "fixed" sentiment as well as a "fixed idea. Some condition—chord of memory, a variant inheritance of family or racial genius, an eye for form, an ear

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for sweet sounds, a vision of color, a sense or proportion, of composition or perspective, finds affinity with the condition of an object. So strong is the link of affinity that no other object, no matter how attractively conditioned, can break it.

There are those who weep when reading:

> "Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

There are those who in moments of relaxation appear to derive pleasure in singing with much feeling such as:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Emanuel's veins."

There is an intelligent and wealthy merchant of New York who must ride down to the Battery once a week to gaze out upon the shipping in the harbor. The "one and only style" in literature of some folk is that which is "unmarred by 'imbecile limpidity.' " Of course, we all know that Shakespeare was nothing if not clear, yet they claim him as an example of mysticism—dare we say turgidity—because of that bit of nonsense at the end of "Twelfth Night" which runs:

> When I was a little, tiny boy.
> With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
> A foolish thing was but a toy.
> For the rain it raineth every day. . . .

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The lovers of such are just conditioned to mysticism. They are of the cult of the old lady who drew unspeakable solace from her dear vicar's pronunciation of that blessed word "Mesopotamia" and those who enthuse over the mist that Corot put "between our eyes and the landscape."

Empathy as an emotion is close to the border of the intellect where the business of discrimination is what Ruskin called "the picking up of pieces." It is miles away from sympathy, and while from its cultivation a power may be gained even to penetrate that "dim borderland in which knowledge gradually loses itself," as the superior appreciators, not artists, put it, the net result is an attitude of aloofness and a world out of joint.

—3—

The appreciation of the beautiful whether in nature or the work of man is a natural response, a capacity within, that can be cultivated. Here is the province of the science or art or philosophy of Æsthetics. The word "æsthetic" is of Greek origin, and in its original form may have been said to mean anything that had to do with the perception of the senses. It was the German philosophers who narrowed down the meaning of the term to designate a theory of the Fine Arts merely.

It is a subject that has been much written about in the past, and its history offers a telling example of what

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the mind of man can do in the way of announcing and defending theories to the end of ambiguity and complexity that baffles analysis. Metaphysical speculation with its ignoring of the sense perceptions, logical discussion without regard to the meanings of words, and philosophic considerations of the subject portrayed, each confounding the other with a wealth of terms that smothered the light of understanding seem to have placed the subject upon the shelf of Futile Dialectics. With the rise of Psychology however, to a place among the popular sciences, a clearer statement is now available to the layman; still there is much to be desired in the way of a broader conception and more philosophic treatment of the subject.

To narrow empathy to a feeling for the beautiful in objects of art is but to have a foreshortened idea of what is meant by beauty. If there be beauty of form, color, line, sound, or arrangement, there is assuredly beauty of motion, of speech, manner, address, skill, repose and relationship. There is beauty of object, there is beauty of subject, idea, condition, part, rôle, contrast, coincidence, similarity, affinity, symmetry, and succession.

—4—

What is beauty?

Coleridge's dictum: "The old definition of beauty in the Roman school of painting was *il più nell'uno*—mul-

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titude in unity; and there is no doubt that such is the principle of beauty," will be found sound after a little consideration of word values and reflection. He asks us to observe "the instinctive habit which all superior minds have of endeavoring to bring" discussions or affairs to a point in support of this.

My interpretation of the Roman phrase is "wholeness." Beauty is symmetry. It is balance, proportion, affinity, repetition, contiguity, similarity, contrast, harmony, grace, all rolled into one quality—symmetry of the Whole. In the realm of ideas beauty is what the soul of man deems a satisfactory solution of "what ought to be" *versus* "what is" which comes through a revelation of "what can be"—a symmetrical Wholeness—what a literary critic would call "a satisfactory climax." Take the three sensuous elements—repetition, symmetry, harmony—agreed upon by practically all artists as the measure of reproduction. Repetition is "the same thing over again," harmony is but "something different," while symmetry stands in between and above to reconcile them to unity or wholeness. Beauty like truth is a high mark of which we individually may receive higher and broader revelations. And our appreciation for the beautiful, as our appreciation for the truth, may be cultivated.

The love of the beautiful is a sense of symmetry as observable in the orderly array upon the fruit stand at the corner, as in the pediments of Phidias, as obvious in

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the efforts of the newsboy to sell *all* his papers, as in the grand inclusive plan of Balzac's Human Comedy. The impulse to act is in all human hearts, for the primal "wish" feeling of humanity is for the beauty, satisfaction, grace, achievement, of the symmetry of the whole.

Natural beauty is a glowing evidence of spiritual evolution, and Art through cultivation stands revealed as the inspirer as well as the inspired of beauty. "Like begets like" and a contemplation of the beautiful will always bring its due reward in loveliness.

—5—

It is the storing up of sense memories—conditions through which we can feel affinity for the beautiful in nature and in art, that must be considered now.

A "condition" might be called an image in mind of that which has gone before. There can be no image without experience. A blind man could never see within his mind's eye a picture which he had not seen with his physical eye. Every known word has a corresponding image in the mind and every experience of the sense, leave an image behind.

Let a company of people attend the opera, and endeavor to recall the experiences of their senses. One may image the witchery of a particular scene; another the glorious symphony of the whole score; another can

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repeat a few bars of a particular aria; another recall the display of wealth with its color and glitter; while still another cannot resist the after image of the rhythm of a particular dance.

This image-making phase of mind is usually called reproductive imagination, the initial stage of the creative process. These sense memories are referred to by Hobbes, thus, "This decaying sense, when we would express the thing itself . . . we call imagination; but when we would express the decay it is called memory."

If we do not refurbish these images they gradually decay and become lost in memory. They can be kept alive and the faculty of sense perception may be refined for fuller appreciation, keener enjoyment, and for a more effective gathering of images to aid imagination upon its full work of creation.

—6—

Occasional exercises in introspection are perhaps the best aid to a sharpening of the image-holding faculty and I offer a suggestive range of memory promptings which may be varied or augmented to suit the taste of the reader:

I. MOVEMENT

Try to recall the following sensations:

(a) Going down in an elevator.

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(b) The latest dance you attended.
(c) The last game at tennis or ball.
(d) Passing under an obstruction.

II. TASTE

Try to recall the following tastes:

(a) Apple.
(b) Honey.
(c) Vinegar.

III. SIGHT

Try to recall the following forms:

(a) A bushel basket.
(b) A snake.
(c) The City Hall.
(d) An Easter Lily.

Try to recall the following colors:

(a) The pink of coral.
(b) The green of grass.
(c) The blue of the sky.
(d) The gray of dawn.

Try to recall the following lights and shades:

(a) A white plate.
(b) The blade of a knife.
(c) The shade of a tree.
(d) The halo around the moon.
(e) A wet pavement.

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IV. HEARING

Try to recall the following sounds:

(a) Thunder in the distance.
(b) A song of childhood.
(c) The chirp of insects.
(d) The clatter of dishes.

V. SMELL

Try to recall the following odors:

(a) Hot coffee.
(b) New mown hay.
(c) Printer's ink.
(d) Leather.

Of course none of these introspections are single to one sense. The law of affinity finds a corresponding response in the various senses. The sight of a bushel basket brings up odors of fruit and all the sounds that make up a remembered scene. You cannot live again the experience of a dance without the inflow of personal sympathies and antipathies. The recollection of thunder, or the beating of surf upon the seashore may bring to life all the varied experiences of a vacation with memories perhaps poignant with rôles misjudged, or ideals not lived. And in this reliving of a past, with its contact with present experience, ideas are born, that should be captured. Without a pencil and notebook the chief value of introspective exercising is lost.

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—7—

It must not be forgotten that words largely dominate our lives today, and introspective examination of the sense impression imposed upon us by these tyrants is of inestimable value in the forming of images that can aid the work of imagination in the field of practical affairs.

What images do the following words and combinations of words create with you? Moctezuma. Wind and the rain. Flanders fields. Prohibition. Sweet Adeline. Sunset gun. Galleon. Science. Cash on the nail. Electron. First cause. Intellect. Subliminal self. Glorified girl. Universe. Keg. Clarion. Democracy. Evolution. Love. Wheels within wheels. . . . Try it! Your sense memories are your real dictionary, thesaurus and directory rolled into one. Use a notebook and pencil.

The whole work is the reliving of experiences which when brought in contact with new thoughts, feelings, and ideas, creative imagination may have fuller scope. Imagination is very practical but the images held in one's mind may limit its activity.

The images held in memory, to be constantly enlarged, improved, and raised up by imagination, are the stars by which the boat of ambition may be steered.

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—8—

In the last chapter, I discussed the power of thought to acquire balance; and in the majority of cases I have found that when a man has got hold of a balanced idea of himself by comparison with the behavior of other men, it is safe to say that he is well on the way to decide the line of his future work. *He comes to know what best he likes to do, and by the same token he may do it best.*

It will be noted in this discussion of the æsthetic sentiment that no apparent practical element is involved. The delight either at the making or beholding of a picture must necessarily be free of price-inspired motive to be really æsthetic. The art of ancient Greece, the highest expression of ideal form of which man has hitherto been capable, was born of a freedom ground out of the labor of slaves; so to a modified extent in Italy; and the reflected glory of the Renaissance was made possible by a patronage that flowered under the iron hand of feudalism. Art today has to pay its own way; and there is a great æsthetic promise of the future in that it is paying for itself in a more and more handsome fashion.

The money of ordinary American people is just as useful for the maintenance of a class of artists as the labor of ancient slaves, provided it comes in a sufficient

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amount and from various sources to inspire freedom and independence in the mind and heart of the artist.

Art after all is largely social. Numbers can enjoy a picture gallery, a play, an oratorio, and pleasure can be augmented by sympathetic tastes. A child will tell its mother what is pretty, and a mother can enjoy a pantomime because of the appreciation of her children.

Churchmen know that the emotions evoked by artistic appreciation are a great aid to morality. The law of contiguity sees that those who come under the æsthetic influences of good art will prefer such to the grosser satisfaction of the senses and appetites.

Finally, it should be noted that the environment we as human beings live in today, is man-made—an artistic expression; and that science without art to express its findings, yes, in many instances to extend them, would be a very dumb thing, indeed.

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HOW TO PERFORM

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The spirit of nature is a unity, creating and forming everything, and by acting through the instrumentality of man, it may produce wonderful things; such processes take place according to law.

—THRETHEIM.

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CHAPTER X

HOW TO PERFORM

—1—

WITHIN the portal of the "endless cave" of imagination there stands the ogre of Self-love, with its basilisk eye, and breath of deadly incense. Within that eye, as in a looking glass, the beholder may see himself in the centre of a revolving world. Nothing may happen in that pictured world without in some way affecting the image of the beholder; and nothing that he may do but what makes at least some ripple of agitation upon the farthest limits, of the mirrored scene.

And it is to the parents of little children to whom this ogre owes its place in the gateway: weak, affectionate creatures, deluding themselves with love for another, when it is themselves—their living images—that they are loving.

Here is the Great Tragedy of human life!

—2—

Every child is born with instincts just as it is born with a body. That much science agrees upon; but just how many and of what nature these motive forces are, is a moot question. Some psychologists list them by the

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dozen, but their count includes a lot of variable and special activities such as flight, curiosity, etc., which can only be reflex actions due to past experience. To be on safe ground, I will state that, instinct as an inherited tendency, has a three-way direction:

(1) Preservation,
(2) Reproduction,
(3) Co-operation.

However wide other classifications may be, they can include no more than variations of these three.

In classifying instincts thus, however, there is the danger of conceiving them as being expressed independently, which is never the case except under crisis. For a man to follow the instinct for preservation without feeling at the same time an urge to co-operate with his fellows is hardly possible: and for a man to co-operate with his fellows without regard for the preservation of his own life, is an occurrence so rare as to be deemed heroic. As a matter of fact, the urges we call instinct so condition and balance each other in our present complicated social and economical environment, as to be almost separately undetectable.

Instincts have been pictured by Milton, thus:

Impelled by the inner or animating or exciting agency
The chariot of paternal piety;
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel, undrawn itself
instinct with spirit.

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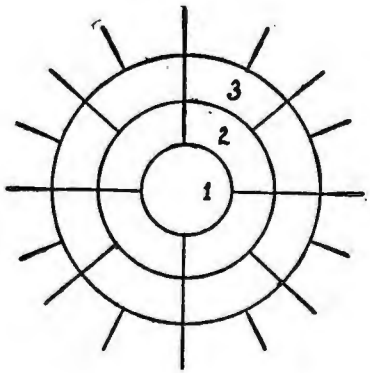
And this poetic figure with a diagram may aid us to a clear conception of the influence of one instinct upon the other. Let us put (1) reproduction, (2) preservation and (3) co-operation with fellows, wheel within wheel, thus:



Within the central wheel (1) is the instinct for reproduction with its lines reaching outward. The middle wheel (2) is the instinct for preservation also with its lines stretching outward. The outer wheel (3) we will call "co-operation with fellows" also with its lines stretching outward. Let us see the lines of reproduction as being conditioned as they pass through the circle of preservation; then as they pass with the lines of preservation through the circle of co-operation they both are affected thereby.

Man then faces his fellows and the world animated

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with these three forces playing one upon the other, "wheel within wheel," each and all striving for satisfaction.

What might be called *equilibrium*—an instinct neutralized for necessary adjustment to life, comes out as *imitation* for within the term "imitation" there is seen the elements of reproduction, of preservation, and of co-operation with one's fellows and the obvious way to adjustment.

—3—

What the psycho-analysist calls the Œdipus Complex —maladjustment due to parents interfering with the laws of nature at a time when a child is susceptible to impression and habit formation—is, as Jelliffe puts it: "The foot rule of measurement of success in life." This is not an isolated viewpoint nor the dictum of one school of scientific thought, but a truth generally agreed upon. Parenthood is a great responsibility.

A pampered child, a child that is doted upon, idolized, admired, dressed up, generally made self-conscious, has its attention fixed upon one image—the image of oneself. The "first love" of every man or woman is self. And the first hate comes when one who loves him dares to show affection for another. Imagination within that child is not allowed full play, for in this egoistic obses-

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sion he cannot see another in a *similar* rôle. Without companionship to provide the *similar*, to unlock the door of imagination, there can be no adjustment with the world, and no sympathy with others. Children, such as this pampered one, become as the thousands who fill the ante-rooms of medical practitioners and the psychoanalysts, fill the coffers of quack remedy-mongers; and lie themselves through life because of the inability to face an unpleasant fact. "The seed of all mental disturbances is sown in our childhood years," and "The problems of childhood are therefore the problems of the adult," [1] says Tridon.

But the real tragedy in a self-centered child's life does not begin to develop until circumstances cast him among boys or girls of a similar age, all too unprepared. With the mirror of himself constantly before him he is unable to find a *similar* under any circumstances. If he is left alone by parents to find himself, he develops what is now called an inferiority complex. If he is still further sheltered in the walls of a select academy he develops a superiority complex. Both are identical in that there is no exercise of imagination to enable proper adjustment with life's conditions. There is no one to be *imitated*. Those left to find themselves are dominated by their more adaptable fellows or by their elders, miserable in a self-centered estimate of their own superior-

[1] Tridon: *Psycho-Analysis and Behavior*, p. 53 (Alfred A. Knopf.)

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ity. Those educated apart sit upon a pedestal of excellence, pathetically unhappy in the constantly lessening appreciation of others.

—4—

Imagination finding no outlet turns inward to constant, unconscious, consequently morbid introspection.

In a useful little book entitled: *Psycho-Therapeutics*, Dr. Tom A. Williams ventures the assertion that nervous troubles are not at all due to nervous constitutions but to plain blank ignorance in the field of ideas. This, so far as my experience with numerous cases is concerned, is true; and I am prepared to be more particular in naming the cause. I claim—and a thousand cases examined in reports of various practitioners, and my own personal observation and study, will bear me out—that all cases of maladjusted nerves are due to what may be understood as self-love, self-interest, a habit of mind which cannot look out on the world of people, places, things and affairs with the image of themselves left out.

Space forbids the insertion of particular illustrations of abnormal cases, and the usual manifestations of self-imputation of rôle which underlie certain phases of behavior have been covered in a former chapter; but there

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is a universal habit of day-dreaming, fact-escaping, fantasy fabrication that demands as vigorous portrayal and condemnation as I am able to perform.

We are all victims to it more or less; in fact the only persons who have achieved some measure of freedom from the "cowardly flight from reality" are the men and women who have adjusted themselves and won a high place in the affections, the regard, the admiration, or envy if you please, of their fellows.

—5—

If there is a purpose in nature, it is the simple and obvious one of adjustment. There can be no way to health without dependence upon this one. The essence of the Christian Science doctrine is the adjustment of the individual mind to the Divine Mind. The gist of the Kantian philosophy is the adjustment of individual activity to the Universal activity. Christians of all denominations must be deeply indebted to Basil King who in his helpful volume, *The Conquest of Fear*, so clearly brought out the original meaning of the words "Repentance" and "Salvation." Permit me to quote: "The other word is Salvation. Here again our term of Latin derivatives gives no more than the faintest impression of the beauty beyond beauty in that which the sacred writer

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used. *Soteria*—A Safe Return! That is all. Nothing complicated; nothing high-strung; nothing casuistical. Only—A Safe Return." [1]

The Divine purpose is adjustment to the Whole—to God. If there is a law manifest in evolution it must be that of adjustment to the Whole. How futile then this common practice of shutting one's eyes to "what is"!

—6—

Repression is a denial of "what is" in the name of the god of "what ought to be." It is well here to note carefully the difference between a relative fact and an abstract idea. A person may deny "evil," an abstract idea, but no one can deny that he *feels* pain when it is present. To say metaphysically that pain is unreal when one cannot say without lying that one does not feel pain is but ignorance of metaphysical precept. As the late Frederick Dixon, one of the clearest of Christian Science writers, used to say, "While we live in the Relative, we must still think in the Absolute."

There never is need for the repression of any ungratified desire if it is squarely faced, for imagination shows paths of diversion to sane and worthy ends.

The psycho-analytic doctrine that a desire repressed is buried, shut away, and lives on to act as a kind of

[1] King: *Conquest of Fear.* (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

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individual skeleton in the closet, or jack in the box ever ready to spring and play havoc with the individual's life and behavior, is a far-fetched theory, and its parallel doctrine that all nervous maladjustments have been traced to sex is misleading.

What is called repression is not an act. It is something "not done." The something not done is an honest facing of the facts of life. It is not a whit different from a pampered child's refusal to play with other children for fear the image of self which she so fondly loves may be shown up as inferior.

—7—

It is in day dreams and fantasy that men and women of today fritter away their God-given permission to perform. This is the imagination called by Pascal, "the mistress of all error," the imagination that is held captive to the glorifying of one person. With this imagination a man may be his own playwright, director, stage carpenter, and scene painter, and can always play the hero. Or if the occasion demands the comforting of bruised pride, he may play the "wronged one." This is his attempt to beat the world to it, as they say on the street. If affronted, instead of taking the risk of an attempt to beat up his enemy, he retires to his corner, and sets about the enjoyment of a scene in which he may simulate the satisfaction of accomplishment. If he

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happens to be in debt, it is an easy matter to picture a scene at Palm Beach aboard his own yacht and waited upon with all the obsequy and luxury that great wealth can command.

Running away from reality is not the only sin we commit upon ourselves, we go further in anticipating the evil of "what is." We erect a devil of "what is" in regard to others. We pick out of the conversation of others, certain slights and attitudes that were never present; and between the lines of letters received, we read intentions and motives that in no way existed. "So and so was a little cool, don't you think?" we ask a friend in reference to the manner of another; or permit some other insignificant word or gesture to drive us to self-defense, self-comfort, or self-praise.

—8—

What about the remedy? In that we may as well go back to childhood, to a survey of those first God-inspired attempts to "play the man—and woman"; which is after all the whole of life's motive. One significant aspect of child play is "sincerity"; a simple faith that what is now the concern of its hand and eye is an affair of the whole world and not a detached or isolated activity. It is as Hamilton Wright Mabie so finely puts it: "A part of the great order of life; a product of the vital

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forces as truly as the flower which has its roots in the earth." Children are always lost in their work, their hands and eyes moving with their little hearts to the rhythm of universal life.

Out on the lawn below, the children are playing with *rôles* and *rôles* and *rôles*. The oldest mite is "the teacher" the others are the scholars. Not all, however, for I see a stranger—a maladjusted rebel—ah, and there are two "whisperers," blasé, unimaginative, fearful of expressing themselves, therefore self-conscious. They are appealing to the "gods of things as they are." They are measuring matters by what is, all unknowing that their souls are taking root in the clay, destined to be earthbound and unhappy if the torch of imagination is not put into their little hands. This apparent imitation of a teacher is really *assimilation*—the losing of oneself in a *rôle ideal*.

The difference between the imaginative "teacher" on the one hand, the "rebel," and the whispering scornful ones on the other lay in the fact that the "teacher" had a condition within which claimed affinity with the rôle, while they were barren through faulty raising or poor inheritance.

Something in the character of a real teacher had put this little teacher in empathy with the *rôle*. Perhaps the empathic thrill was of power, perhaps of goodness, perhaps of wonder and mystery before wisdom. No matter

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what, there resulted the glory of affinity, and assimilation.

Within an hour one of those "scholars" will be upon some other lawn, engrossed in the rôle of "teacher" and perhaps the "rebel" will have beaten the bunch into playing "children" to her "mother"; and, let us hope, the "whisperers" will have seen each other as "bad actors" and thereby finding wisdom in the sight of their fellows. Who shall say that the same laws of consciousness are not thus operating in adult life?

Is this not the behavior of Wall street, of Longacre square, of Podunk, of Palm Beach, and of the life that finds its centre upon the banks of the Potomac—imitation of another (unimaginative), or assimilation in a rôle (imaginative)?

—9—

The *rôles* that men play are as countless as the sands upon the seashore; the few that are acquiesced in by each man are as much himself as his mind, his flesh and blood, for thereby *others measure him.*

What a man *does;* not what he feels, thinks or believes, is the universal yardstick of behavior. The man who believes one thing, thinks another, and feels both or neither then does not act, or acts on the spur of the moment without relation to either, is just out of gear.

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Because a car has a finely upholstered body, an excellent engine, a strong chassis but no running parts, would you buy it?

Now as to whether the first impulse to action may come from environment or out from the instincts of man we cannot say. In favor of environment many things could be said; yet the sight of a nine-months-old baby with a habit of swaying its body at the sound of music —which I saw this very day—seems convincing evidence for instinctive primacy.

Let us content ourselves with the announcement of the principle of relativity in causation. If time and space be accepted as relative, why not causation? It is very evident that effect succeeds cause. Now isolate that effect for a moment in mind and you will see it becoming the cause of another effect. Cause and effect are relatively *succession.* Let us leave that. If an emotion be considered as the cause of action; we must not forget that that same emotion was but the effect of some previous action, however, primitive and distant in evolutionary time. Rhythm, succession, is the sign, evidence and order of life. And as human life passes with its succession of emotion, thought and action, grooves are worn in the cortex, muscles and nerves are tuned to bodily facility and aptitude, and the very mechanism of ideation, along with ideas, becomes a part of mind known as memory. Memory in its wider and

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proper sense, is mind's record of a person's ancestral inheritance, childhood impressions, education and experience; in short, habit of mind, body and rôle. *It is the truth of "what is" of a particular man's make-up at any given time. It is the sum of "what ought to be" of a man's relations to the world and his fellows at any given time.*

Behavior, the carrying out of the mandate of instinct, intuition and intelligence, is the light by which man reveals himself to his fellows and finds a place in the world of which he has a share in the making. Here we come to what is called "dramatic instinct"—(*drama* from the Greek, means *to do*).

—10—

A manifestation of dramatic instinct is an act which serves the interest of another. It is the basis of all altruistic sentiment. Every child born loves to show off and amuse others. It is far from being as some suppose, an unnatural, abnormal twist of character; and it can be developed as in the culture of good manners by the right kind of mothers.

One of England's greatest statesmen was often heard to declare that the ability to dramatize oneself—to put oneself in another's shoes—was the basis of success in every department of human activity. A teacher who understands a student's mental make-up, must assuredly be

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the best kind of a teacher; and a merchant familiar with the wishes, habits, and wants of his customers must be well on the way to build a profitable trade. To see the other fellow's side, to get the "you" attitude is the best practical advice to all men who sell things.

Many of the representations seen in our theatres have little of the really dramatic about them. Dramatic expression is an extension of disinterested thoughts and feelings. It is letting go to the best that mind and soul have at a given moment—but *under due discipline imposed by mental law of symmetry.* A dramatic act must be pat, *à propo,* illuminating.

Have you ever left a meeting or conference, and on the way home thought with regret of the bright things you might have said? If so, your dramatic instinct is in bad order through lack of exercise. Dramatic power is wit in action, humor in action, wisdom in action.

Perhaps the reading aloud of poetry is the method of development that would fit the circumstances, and suit the tastes of most poeple. It was Charles Darwin who wrote, "If I had to live my life again, I would have made it a rule to read some poetry, and listen to some music at least once a week . . . "[1]; and it is to be noted that the best commentaries on history have it that the Greeks became the most artistic of peoples through their interest in the spoken word.

[1] Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, p. 81.

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—11—

Here is a pearl plucked from a string displayed by Gerald Stanley Lee: "The power to be creative and receptive by turns is only obtained by constant and daily practice, and when the modulating of one of these moods into the other becomes a swift and unconscious habit of life, inspiration is a daily occurrence." To be receptive and to be creative, that is the way to inspiration!

How to be receptive? How to be interested? In what? Let the objects be the *rôles* of men.

Take the study of *rôles* in literature, not characters—and not personalities.

Study *rôles!*

Régime: (1) *Read Robinson Crusoe again, projecting yourself into his rôle of a man outside the pale of humanity.*

Régime: (2) *With pencil and notebook look for similar rôles in the everyday life around you.*

They are present around every corner. There is that rich man in the big office who knows no world but himself. All he hears is what some sychophant tells him; all he sees is what has been staged for him. There is the man without children thereby lost to the world of affection. There is the man marooned upon the island of Bigotry. Remember the moral value of literature

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can only be yours if you "live out the varied experiences contained in its pages."

Régime: (3) *Reflect upon the role of "Friend of the People" and note every contrast role that imagination may offer.*

Upon the adjustment of our rôles to the world in which we live depends our peace, happiness and usefulness as members of society. The importance of that may be gleaned from the words of Glenn Frank. He writes: "The story of the world's misery is a story of misfits. Misery is maladjustment."

The norm or standard of behavior must be the common-sense one of "just folks" as far as the body is concerned. What the majority of one's kind find to be the best foods for nutrition—what suits the taste of *contiguous* people—is the best diet for the individual, unless, of course, a qualified physician has prescribed otherwise.

"This above all things: to thine own self be true; and it must follow as night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," of Shakespeare, is one of the soundest exhortations ever uttered. When a rôle grows into a character, a sincere man is born. What is my rôle? you will now ask yourself. Whatever your answer measure it up by the truths that men may live by:

1. *What is.* 2. *What ought to be.* 3. *What can be.*

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THE GREAT ADVENTURE

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Who is there? It is thyself!

—JABAL-HUDDIN RUMI.

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CHAPTER XI

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

1

"BRIEFLY, what is happening all over the world is a kind of spiritual turnover, in which the churches and the scientists, particularly the evolutionists and a host of other inquisitive people, are all mixed up together in the quest for an unknown quantity," says Thomas L. Masson in one of his periodical "reliefs from melancholy jokedom."

The fact of the matter is, mankind is about to set out upon another Great Adventure. The urge of "what can be" is once more goading us forward. The presses, the cinemas, and the radios of the land are the modern counterparts of that New Testament figure we have known as John the Baptist. Another truth, always known to a few, is to be made plain to many more of us. We are about to see the Possible made a more general spectacle—to see it with eyes that wish to see, and to understand the modus of its demonstration.

Unknowing of what really ails them, unable to locate the source of that flash of light which strikes now and then upon the dark places of their minds, the Evolution-

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ists of religion, science, art and business—the "What-is-ers"—on the one hand, and the Fundamentalists of all sorts—the "What-ought-to-be-ers"—on the other hand, are becoming more and more self-conscious to the end of mutual suspicion, criticism, and a more frenzied beating of their tom-toms of "must be." It is anybody's game; and you with the guideposts of ideation and imagination pointed out to you may take part therein, and make good your chance to discover the Treasure Trove, and find the wherewithal to a Life More Useful.

—2—

Here are the highways to the Truth. Let us stand back a little by the wayside, and listen to the talk of the passing pilgrims, watch their steps, and study their impedimenta. This with a respect for all sincere men, a veneration for all religion, and not without due acknowledgment of indebtedness to the theories and research work of the various sciences.

Let us allow our eyes to survey the motley procession which represents the thought of the world, just as upon a summer noon we would lazy by the side of a stream and watch the flotsam and jetsam pass under the bridge and out to sea. And, as when momently a bigger stick or a brighter feather in the water would attract our eyes, so let us observe the bigger fellows and the brighter ones of the world upon the road of Truth. But, there are too

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many such, upon which to focus our attention and their antics are too lively. So then, out of a brief moment of detachment we get the notion that all these people are going one of two ways.

To the left or to the right. On the right road or the wrong road, evidently. One follows the signpost of "Religion," the other follows the signpost of "Science." With whom shall we tarry?

. . . . . .

Religion is the oldest and the most attractive to the eye: Let us tarry awhile. Christian religion, our religion, is concerned with "what we *ought* to do," and from the day of Saint Paul words have been used to induce us to believe in it. By words I mean argument. Religion argues, exhorts, pleads and explains what, why and how we *ought* to do, and be, so and so. Ethics does the same and no more. In isolated *places* and at various times however, *Religion* has done and is doing more. It has at these particular times and places followed closer to Christ—revealing facts, instead of using words, by which faith may be justified. But on these occasions the dogma of "*what ought to be*" was lost sight of in the glorious promise of imagination aroused to "what *can* be," and in faith there stood revealed, a fact of "what *is*." These isolated occurrences, so different to what any reasonable person expects, as something that ought

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to be, have necessarily been accepted as being outside of all law—"miracles"; and those teachers of Religion who are, and have been, prone to argue with words, have helped in erecting and glorifying that pathetic error.

The trouble started with Paul, the special pleader. Religion never required and does not require a special pleader. All the Truths of religion founded on the life and works of Christ, are revealable. A revealed fact needs no words. No man has a right to argue about God's nature, imminence, or prerogatives.

God *ought not* to do these things we often pray ought to be done. We ought *not* to believe that He would. Ah, but that He *can* do so and that we *can* believe and benefit, is another and a more glorious matter. As I have pointed out in former chapters, the truth and sense of what ought to be, depends upon time and place. If God is God, then between you and Him there can be no time and place. All Christian churchmen, all teachers of the Gospel will agree upon that. Between God and his children there can be no barriers of time and place.

"What can God do?" No man can answer. "What ought God to do?" To that there will come an answer from every mutual interest in contiguity of time and place, and many different. The man who declares what God ought to be, is just making his own kind of a god. The attitude of *what can be* of God, is humble, childlike, wondering, receptive, and altogether Christlike. God

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is not of a time nor of a place, but of all time and for all places unto Infinity. He can be *available!* How, when and where depends upon you. *"Who is there?" "It is thyself!"*

—3—

Science is concerned with "what is"—things as they are. Religion assumes the reality of One God. Science assumes the reality of Many Parts; and in order to reasonably prove that, Reality sets upon the organization of the parts in Relation. Consequently, the whole worth or utility of scientific work depends upon the *relationship* of the parts of matter.

Iron ore is of little concern except it be brought into relation with heat, *which is not a part of matter.* As a symbol of quantity 4 is worthless unless related in thought to another symbol, *and thought is not matter.* But replies science, thought *is,* and heat *is;* and science is right. No man can quarrel with science on that score. Heat and thought are factual, still relational. Electricity, unseen, intangible, is fact, still a relation. We may know that by what it does. Matter cannot do anything. Only a relation can *do things.* So in that relationship between material things is seen a reality of power, of availability, of "what can be."

But, there is a multitude of scientific men who ascribe all reality and power to things and words. Un-

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like a few great men, of whom Thomas Alva Edison may serve as a worthy pattern, they presume to tell us what *must* be in accordance with assumptions they draw themselves from a single fact that fills their eye and mind. Instead of honestly going into laboratory or field with hammer or tube in hand to demonstrate what *can* be; they sit down with a tooth or shin bone and erect a man, an ape or a dynosaur, and tell us in solemn book or shrieking headline what we *must* believe about it; or spend their days examining the behavior and grilling the minds of abnormal folks, to announce later with calm assurance of general acceptance, that ALL men *must* thus feel, think, dream and behave in accordance with their theory; or as when a business man after thinking awhile on the failure of his advertising to pull, or his goods to turn over, he goes to a scientific economist, to be told it *must* be that the "law of diminishing returns" is operating.

Without going back too far, we may date the imprisonment of man's objective thought within the walls of the formula, *this ought to be, this is; therefore, this must be* to the day of Pythagoras; notwithstanding there have been men, among whom Christ has been acclaimed by us the Greatest, who have tried to lift the mind of humanity to the comprehension of the abstractuality of "what can be," by resolving it into the actuality of "what is."

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There is no justification in ethics, law or common sense for the existence of "must be" outside the realm of politics and civics; and to paraphrase Jefferson, the least "must be," the best government. No man has the right to declare what must be for another in the fields of art, religion, or science; then hide behind the wall of special authority and throw rocks at one who dares to disagree. Force fits no hand but that one duly placed in authority under the constitution and by the law of the land.

—4—

"POLARITY, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay."

The above is from Emerson's *Compensation.* It was written to prove that all in the world was either in contrast, similarity, affinity or contiguity. He might have

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bracketed Science and Religion in the same way. Somehow, during the stupendous advance of physical science of the past fifty years there has evolved in the minds of common men the notion that these two are the custodians of opposite sets of truth. To some they appear in contrast, to others in affinity, to others similar, and to most, in contiguity. Recently however there has grown up a tendency among broader minded men to reconcile these two sets of truth, but the common mind as represented in the pages of the newspapers and magazines, and among people in authority has insisted upon creating a new duality, that of Fundamentalism and Evolutionism. So instead of seeing the issue as Science *versus* Religion we are promised a new alignment, each side claiming adherents from both the older contestants.

Emerson, however, did not state the Whole truth of the matter in his essay on *Compensation*. He was merely writing about the things of the world and their relation to each other. He was not writing about the relation of things to *persons*.

The human consciousness has always demanded a third side to every argument, thing or idea. The promise of it was born in the heart of every man. It is the conviction that haunts at the end of every trial and argument; the faith that permits one to remain free to hold an opinion after the "yes" of one authority and the "no" of another; just as when we toss a coin it comes tails,

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and we toss another and it turns up heads, we are not satisfied until we toss again; just as when religion tells us to feel for the Prodigal Son, and science asks our sympathy for the Elder Brother we know that somehow the Master was holding up to us a third, and more worthy character; just as when we see that there is day, and that there is night, sometimes and somewhere come occasions when neither time nor place exists; just as when the right arm says, "I am different," and the left arm says, "but I am the same," we know that both are symmetrical in relation; just as when we meet disaster, then meet triumph, we feel sure that there is another conscious state more to our inner craving; just as when the eyes see those rails of the roadbed meeting in the distance, and mind declares that it is impossible for them to so converge, we are sure that there must be some reasonable explanation of this conflict of testimony.

What is this capacity for a third and absolute conception? We know it to be with each man an integral, unforgettable, and indestructible part of being. What is it? It has many names: soul, spirit, *Elan vital*, etc. Without using any of them, however, I will content myself with stating its modus or manner of activity.

It searches for the symmetry of the whole.

It was evident in the request of my wife to finish up the small amount of fruit that remained on the dish after dinner, for she desired a *whole* accomplishment.

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It was evident in the dream of Alexander to conquer the *whole* world; in the desire of a veteran "to round out a career"; in the ninety and nine times effort to find a lost sheep, the last error in the balance sheet: or finish the last piece of business upon the agenda; in the desire of a man to embrace his loved one; in the desire to finish the last chapter, see the last inning, prove a theory, make a fortune, solve a puzzle, in short to crown every effort with due accomplishment.

Mark well, that *all* is far from being the *whole.*

Very few desire all, but all men desire the Whole. All is of many parts. The whole is of one piece.

"But where may one find this third and true direction to Truth?" you doubtless are asking. I will answer: that you already know, for you have long trod this road. In fact, it is, and always has been man's preferred highway to Truth, but lost in leisure, and wonder, and love among its beauties you have no eyes for the name engraven upon the milestones. That name is "Art."

—5—

Art can best bring men to the Truth. That is why Christ "spake in parables." That is why organized religion tried always to hire Art as its "hand-maiden." Through Art it is possible to see the symmetry of the whole. All men subconsciously *know* that.

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What then is Art?

The popular sense of the word, seems to mean everything which we may distinguish from Nature; thus we see *natural* and *artificial* used as opposing terms. Here is an opportunity for our educators to do a doughty service that would meet general approval. Instead of permitting Art and Nature to be considered as two genera, they might mull over a few derivatives, compare a few definitions, and decide upon a comprehensive statement that would do much to turn the thoughts and ambitions of youth toward matters constructive and to means of individual expression.

Shakespeare has left us the clearest exposition of the relation between nature and art in the words of Polixenes:

> "there is an art
> Which doth mend nature,—change it, rather, but
> The art itself is nature."

Art is natural. "Art is but the employment of Nature for an end" wrote John Stuart Mill. And he further explains that:—"A ship floats by the same laws of specific gravity and equilibrium as a tree unrooted by the wind and thrown into the water. The corn which men raise for food, grows and produces its grain by the same laws of vegetation by which the wild rose and the mountain strawberry bring forth their flowers and fruit.

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A house stands and holds together by the same natural properties, the weight and cohesion of the materials that compose it." [1]

Art then is a natural expression by the employment of natural means. Art is a very practical thing. To a business man or a manufacturer art pays with large interest for any sum employed in its culture and for its application. But art has other functions to perform besides that of utility. It must express truth and reveal beauty. We, all of us, scientists and custodians of religious doctrines included, are artists; though we may never know it of ourselves individually, until some appreciator reveals it.

Keeping close to a good dictionary I find that art means skill, dexterity, the power of performing, or knack. All these point to an accuracy and facility of expression that comes from inheritance, or long hours of patient individual trial and error. It means the habit-fruit of generations of patient sincere work handed down to the making of an artist "born"; or more often it means an inner glimpse of the symmetry of the whole of things—a racial or family consciousness—that has been passed along within some individual human cell; but just as with a windblown seed its flower and fruitage become wholly dependent upon the fertility of the soil in which it finds lodgment. Artists are born, men say;

[1] Encyclopædia Britannica, *Art.*, Art.

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yes, but artists are also made—self-made. That living pearl of wisdom, the symmetry of the whole, is to some degree planted in the breasts of all men. It is as common to mankind as breathing or drinking, else we would have no appreciators, no cinema crowds, no readers of books, no customers. We all feel a measure of the divine afflatus. We all may know a good story, a true painting, a compelling piece of sculpture, and a job well done. We are all artists in the making.

The innate desire, ability, and facility—mark well those three—to perform subconsciously with art is the high expression of man, that lives in Greek statuary, in Italian canvas, in books of all nations, deeds of heroes, sacrifices of good women, immortalized and enshrined in museum, library, gallery and public square, not only for people who pass today but for all time. We all have a share therein; for the wondering eyes of the most ignorant are as full of wisdom of the symmetry of the whole as the brain and the hand of the masters who made.

—6—

Here today in America, this blessed land, we stand as heirs of the ages. Other nations that have gone before have stood as we stand—sons who have thrown aside many "what ought to be's" of the family tradition—but

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we have come into our heritage when Succession has attained a place ahead of Contiguity; when the man of Science has shaken loose the bonds that held it to Religion in recognition of Truths to live and work by; when the bounds of time and space have been extended in the consciousness of man by such things as automobiles, telephones, radios, and cinemas.

The creeds, tenets and observances of religious bodies have changed from time to time, and differ now in themselves, between times and places. Science under the direction of Business has extended the conception of time and place. It has made law of the land less possible of enforcement, for cannot any criminal buy a secondhand car for fifty dollars and thereby defy the 10,000 police of New York City? It has made crime easy. On the other hand it has raised social and moral codes, for by the cash register, honesty thrives; by publicity, tricks of the trade cannot be played; by the telephone, candor in speech is given freer play; all the facilities for travel are making for a tolerance that approaches the true charity; the cinemas and magazines are broadening sympathies, and enlightening men upon human motives and high aspirations; radios are binding together thousands at one time to the one place of the announcer in community of interest and affection; and good plumbing, better soap and disinfectants are leading more men to that state next to Godliness. In short, Science under Busi-

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ness direction has weakened the force of *must be;* but given mankind a saner knowledge of what *ought to be.* We have in our hands the power to increase and improve our heritage as had no other nation that has gone before. What measure of legacy shall we leave behind? What shall be the nature of our peculiar contribution to the history of art, and the betterment of humanity's lot?

Madison, the reporter of the Constitutional Convention, testified as to the peculiar *need* of the document which represents the only force in life which we will acknowledge. The *need* for a thing is its true measure, for it is both the seed and the promise of fulfillment. We were born a business nation, and business is the oldest of arts. Providence has placed us back at the beginning of things where we may start a new round in the cycle of art and social economics. We have a great opportunity, well met by the Fathers in their insistence upon equal opportunity for all to see, seize and use it.

The Provider was the first worker, the first business man, the first artist. We are all artists here, for we are all Providers. But there are Providers and Providers, artists and artists. There are degrees and qualities of performance.

The supreme Performers of America are Directors. They are those of us who have the vision of the symmetry of the Whole, the promoter who sees the whole of a prop-

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osition; the story-writer who sees his climax before he writes his first word; the sculptor who sees in the block of marble the symmetry of the form that will live at his hands; the newsboy who sees the accomplishment of his work as a provision for his mother; the salesman who has the faith and courage to place his time and energy upon the hazard of commission; the immigrant with the germ of symmetry in his heart which gives him confidence to start a business of his own: in short the men to whom the consciousness of a symmetry of the whole, gives courage to assume a risk, a responsibility, and make sacrifices of time, and pleasure, and sleep, and sweat. Those are the supreme artists.

The artists in the making are the Directees. They at their best, are good "top sergeants"—men who are dependable, men who are loyal, men who are honest, men who can carry on under the monotony of routine, the dust and the dirt. Don't tell me that these men have no vision of the symmetry of the whole! They may have more imagination than their Directors; but that circumstance, time or place has chained them down for a while. Perhaps they may not make good their heritage to a high purpose and performance, but their children will lift their names higher than was possible to them in the former day.

With us all, in us all, before us all, and behind us all, is the Speculative Philosopher. He is the Public; the

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Customer, the Appreciator, the Fan, the Man in the Street, the Man Who Writes Letters to Newspapers. He is all of us, for the Directors and the Directees look on at other men's play and performance. The mass of the public, however, are artists subconsciously. They may not do, but they know. It is all very well for men like the great producer of films who is now furnishing copy for the newspapers in dolorous wail at the poor reception of a play of Barrie's, to deplore the public's preference for a more melodramatic representation; but how does he know whether Barrie's piece conforms to the laws of natural ideation? Where is the symmetry of the whole attained in that piece he sobs over? Because Barrie can write words, is he an artist, if his piece fails to carry the symmetry of a Whole idea? Assuredly not. The symmetry of the Whole in men's hearts cannot be mocked.

This is no plea for art as "it is" or as "it ought to be" or as "it must be" but as "it can be." It is for a symmetrical building up of ideas that imagination forges out of the truths of life. It is a plea for faith in one's inner individual yearnings, hunches, and dreams. It is for an art and faith lived, not read about, not gushed about, and not preached about. It is a plea for the word we would like to have said; the finishing touch; the alabaster jar of ointment; the unexpected measure we would give over; the piece of classic ornamentation on the cor-

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nice; "money back if not satisfied"; the dramatic impulse to wave at passers-by: the glory of love that marks a job well done; all that *ought* to be done, and more; in short, the best and highest that *can* be done.

It was during Chaucer's time that certain idle monks and knights first spoke the word *busyness.* It was thrown with contempt at those free men who made use of things that were beneath the notice of others in a position of eminence maintained by force, kingly favor, or the word of a pope. The essence of busyness was utility—the use of things that were then going to waste; and utility is the essence of business today. And what is art but utilization? How can Art render its message except by the use of concrete objects? Since every activity in America must be of Business—sound in economic life and limb; able to pay its way; good because it pays; pays because it is good; my appeal particularly is to those who, worshipping at the Art shrines of other and older social systems, deem it as a thing apart from business activities. My plea is for a business of Art that will crown with beauty every thought and effort of science, industry, and commerce, and for a broad and familiar understanding of art, that never the most humble, the most unlettered may be afraid to express himself and shame the devil of self-imputed authority: at the same time, get his price.

. . . . . .

And now my fellow Speculative Philosoher, it is for

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us to remember that no man can help us except he be a torch bearer; and all that he may teach within the flash of his coming and going, is how we too may take hold and carry the torch a little way further upon the never-ending round. That torch is imagination, mind's dominant power.

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